

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

MATCH-SELLER WHO EMPLOYS A VALET.



George Jenkins has sold matches and bootlaces at the corner of Shepherdess-walk and City-road for thirty-five years. His valet, whom he has just prosecuted for robbing him, used to escort him down to his pitch at half-past eight in the morning and call for him at four or five in the afternoon. The overcoat he is wearing in the photograph originally belonged to Sir Francis Jeune, who takes an interest in his case.

LORD ROBERTS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



This photograph was taken as Lord Roberts was leaving St. Paul's after unveiling the tablet erected by the Institute of Journalists to the memory of the war correspondents who lost their lives during the South African war. Thirteen names appear on the memorial tablet.

THE SUBMERGED ISLAND OF WALLASEA.



One result of the floods on the East Coast has been the complete submergence of Wallasea Island, near Burnham-on-Crouch, in Essex. Our photograph shows what the "island" looks like.

LIPTON, LTD., FIRE AT GLASGOW.



Firemen playing on the burning ruins. Nearly £30,000 worth of damage was done in a few hours.

BIRTHS.

TSAR TO HIS ARMY.

"Let Not This Sorrow Discourage You; Russia is Great and Powerful."

CAVALRY DASH.

Heavy Russian Losses at Yingkow and Newchwang.

The Tsar has addressed an Order of the Day to his Army and Navy, having reference to the fall of Port Arthur.

In the course of it he says:—

"My brave soldiers and sailors, let not this sorrow discourage you! Our enemy is brave and strong; it is extremely difficult to sustain the struggle against him at a distance of 7,000 miles.

"But Russia is great and powerful. During her national life of a thousand years she has given hard proofs of her ability to overcome even more serious dangers.

"We are greatly grieved by our non-success and by our painful losses, but let us not abandon courage.

"I am confident, as every Russian is, that the hour of victory is striking, and that God will bless my dear army and fleet in their efforts to crush the enemy, and in their determination to sustain the honour and glory of our Fatherland."

EXPENSIVE CAVALRY RAID.

Details of the southward dash of 5,000 Russian Cossacks are supplied by a correspondent of the "New York Herald," who accompanied General Mitchenko.

It is claimed that the reconnaissance was partially successful, as a railway bridge, the railway telegraph, and a quantity of stores were destroyed.

The Russians lost heavily in the fighting that took place. At Yingkow last Thursday they left sixty-two killed and six wounded behind them, and it is estimated that their total casualties amounted to 200.

Even more disastrous was the swoop upon Newchwang on the following day, for the Russian casualties exceeded 300. The Japanese lost one man killed and fifteen wounded.

There are persistent rumours in Paris that a general engagement is in progress on the Shaho river.

ANOTHER SEIZURE.

Japanese Capture a Second British Steamer with a Cargo of Coal.

TOKIO, Saturday.—The Japanese torpedo-boat No. 72 captured the British steamer Lethington, carrying coal for Vladivostok, in the Tsuchima Straits on Thursday, and has taken her to Sascho.—Reuter.

The Lethington is commanded by Captain Tate, and is owned by the same company as the Roseley, which was captured by the Japanese cruiser Tokiwa last Wednesday.

Mr. Rea, the manager of the shipping company concerned, has been interviewed, and states that the Lethington left Cardiff on November 11 with a cargo of coal. He refused to divulge the port to which it was consigned.

Mr. Rea added that another of his boats with a similar cargo is due at a port in the Japan Sea in about a week, and he would not be in the least surprised to hear of her seizure also.

FRENCH BREACHES OF NEUTRALITY.

The action of the French Government in permitting the Baltic Squadron to make a prolonged stay in Madagascari waters is sharply criticised by the Press and public, says a Reuter message from Tokio.

GENDARMES CHARGE STRIKERS.

Essex, Sunday.—The number of the strikers to-day totalled 60,126, with 104 mines affected, as against 64,588 yesterday.

To-day, as yesterday, there was street fighting between the strikers and the gendarmes at the Carap and Concordia mines. The gendarmes charged the strikers with drawn swords, and the strikers then barricaded themselves in houses and pelted the gendarmes with stones.

All drinking places have been closed on account of the disturbances.—Reuter.

"HE IS A DEAR."

Rev. Wilson Carlile Praises the King's Kindly Smile and Great Heart.

ROYAL PARABLE.

"The King's kindly smile is absolutely free from starchy pomposity, but it shows the dignity of a great heart."

So said the Rev. Wilson Carlile in his sermon yesterday evening at St. Mary-at-Hill Church.

He was describing his recent visit as head of the Church Army, to Buckingham Palace, and telling how the King at once put him at his ease.

He compared his reception to that of "the alien and outcast by the Heavenly King whose property is always to have mercy.

"I," he said, in his short, nervous, picturesque phrases, "as head of the Church Army represent the alien and the outcast.

"I am to go into the King's presence. I have two days in which to prepare myself; to overhaul my tunic, see to my shirt, and make myself generally presentable.

"The time comes, and I am shown into the King's house. I am terribly nervous. Suddenly the King himself appears; he welcomes me warmly and shakes me by the hand.

"Immediately my nervousness vanishes. I feel as if he were my godfather, whom I have known all my life.

"Here is one," I say to myself, 'who, if only I will persevere, will sympathise with and help me, irrespective of my creed, character, or past.'

"Sit down and tell me all about it," he says, 'your difficulties and trials,'—and at once the alien is at home in the Palace of the King.

THE PARABLE OF THE KING.

"The interpretation of the parable is not difficult.

"The two days for preparation may be compared to the opportunities in (1) childhood, (2) manhood.

"The nervousness is due to a sense of terrible unworthiness. But when the Heavenly King Himself appears, all such feeling is immediately swallowed up in the certainty that here is one Whose name is Love, Who is willing to pardon the most abandoned, if only he will turn over a new leaf.

"So I see my Heavenly King I hope for as hearty a hand-shake as my earthly King gave me.

"There is a great deal in that hand-shake," said Mr. Carlile, going on to give his personal impression of his Majesty. "I feel it is the property of a self-denying man.

"You've got to live with him to know how good and kind he is," said the attendant who showed me over the Palace. I couldn't help feeling how truly he spoke, and I said enthusiastically—as I say now—'The King is a dear.'

"God Save the King" was sung during the service in place of the "Magnificat," and was accompanied by the full orchestra, consisting of twenty-five stringed and thirty brass instruments, twelve cornets, and Mr. Carlile's trombone.

The revival "Glory" hymn was also sung.

MARRIED AT THIRTEEN.

After Three Weddings a Girl Bride Asks for Her Union To Be Annulled.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—There is now proceeding here one of the most extraordinary cases which have ever occupied the attention of the French Courts.

Three years ago the uncle of Mlle. Odette de Vareuil, one of the wealthiest heiresses in France, petitioned the Courts to be appointed the young lady's guardian, in place of her mother, the Comtesse de Vareuil.

To this the comtesse replied by taking her thirteen-year-old daughter to London, where the little girl was married to a certain Comte Camille de Morlaix, reputed to be a man of wealth and position. Not content with this hurried wedding, the marriage ceremony was repeated at Dover, and afterwards at Orleans.

Recently, however, the comtesse discovered that her son-in-law's title and wealth were entirely fictitious, and yesterday she brought an action seeking to annul her daughter's marriage.

As an argument against nullification the husband alleged that his wife had borne him a son, and this being denied by the comtesse, the case was adjourned for the production of the child if living or proof of its birth.

FRENCH CABINET CRISIS.

M. Combes has declared to President Loubet that he will resign, states an Exchange telegraph message from Paris late last night.

This action is the consequence of a long and exci ed debate on the general policy of the Government, which took place on a resolution submitted by M. Biévenot, Martin in the following terms:—

"The Chamber approving the declarations and the programme of the Government, being resolved to prevent obstruction, and rejecting any addition, passes to the order of the day."

The death was announced yesterday of the mother of President Loubet.

NEARING AN ELECTION

Prime Minister's Colleagues and Followers Eager for It.

WILL THEY REBEL?

In spite of official professions of ignorance, the belief of those political observers who generally have the best information is that a general election may take place within the next month or so—at any rate, in the early spring.

The statement that only one Bill, the Aliens Bill, is being prepared, is significant. Even more so are the stir and activity that prevail among the Unionist organisers.

Mr. Balfour, according to his friends, is quite ready to go on through another session, and to go to the country, "if necessary," in the autumn. The Prime Minister still holds to the conviction that the Government might last another two years if it were resolute in sticking to its office.

Against him are ranged both the thick-and-thin Chamberlain party and a large section of Balfourite Unionists, who contend that for Ministers to cling to power in present circumstances is undignified and unconstitutional.

MINISTERS TIRED.

Furthermore, it is an open secret that most of the Ministry are tired of their unpleasant position. They have more routine work, and they take their politics more seriously than Mr. Balfour; and, although they have not been ordered a long holiday, as he has, they are most anxious to be free.

As we have stated, the result of Mile End surprised the Unionist leaders, who were quite prepared to see Mr. Lawson defeated. They recognise (all except Mr. Balfour) that they cannot hope to do well at by-elections, and they know that the next Budget must make them more unpopular still.

Liberal victories and reductions of Unionist majorities do not much affect the Prime Minister, who loftily professes his disregard of them. But the party as a whole feels the position keenly, and this feeling is becoming one of the strongest factors in the situation.

If his followers refuse to support him actively, Mr. Balfour will be forced to resign, and it does not look at present as if they had any intention of making a great effort to keep the Government in.

THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS.



Uncle of the Tsar, who has, for reasons of ill-health, been relieved of his functions as Governor-General of Moscow.

FIRE AT A CHURCH.

During the service yesterday morning at St. Peter's, London Docks, conducted by the vicar, the Rev. L. S. Wainwright, a fire broke out in the mortuary chapel adjoining the church and considerable damage was done before the flames were extinguished.

A representation of the manger at Bethlehem, temporarily erected by the congregation, was entirely destroyed.

NEWBIGGIN MEN LOYAL.

A meeting was held on Saturday of Newbiggin fishermen, presided over by the coxswain, who asked if they would consent to man the lifeboat if a boat went on the rocks.

He received a unanimous answer, "Ay."

Russian strikers at Baku are setting the petroleum spouts on fire.

"NO YANKEES NEED APPLY."

The Jockey Club Objects to Americans Generally—Mr. Richard Croker in Particular.

NEWMARKET AUTOCRATS.

It would seem that much more is to be heard of the action of the Jockey Club in refusing to allow the horses of Mr. Richard Croker to be trained at Newmarket. The Jockey Club, absolute rulers of racing in this kingdom, from time to time startle the sporting world with orders and rulings. Their latest has caused a sensation in racing circles.

Everybody knows that Mr. Richard Croker is the ex-Boss of Tammany Hall. His social standing is of course no better in England than in America, where for many years he was the head of the vilest political association known in modern times. But Croker is a man of millions, politics have no direct concern with sport, he has been for many years racing in England, and in every respect, so far as we know, his horses have been run in unimpeachable style. His racers have been trained in various parts of the country, and year after year many thousands of pounds have been spent by the rich American in pursuit of the game.

And be it remembered that every step taken during those years up to the present has been taken with the direct or tacit permission of the authorities. It is impossible nowadays to move in the racing world without official sanction.

Why, then, have the authorities refused permission to Mr. Croker to use Newmarket Heath for training? The Jockey Club secretary states plainly that Croker's presence at Newmarket is undesirable.

The Jockey Club have a perfect right to refuse. They claim full proprietary rights over the training grounds on the heath, and as their power is autocratic and absolute, no sane man will question their right. It does not interfere with common-law rights—chiefly because no racing man in his senses would appeal against a decision of our arbitrary turf court. Their decisions on the whole are equitable, but on occasions some of the rulings do seem from the outside perfect absurdities.

A COARSE SNUB.

Newmarket has been packed with trainers and almost over-horsed, but recruiting is permitted from time to time, and it is therefore a coarse snub to this American owner to bluntly refuse his request. There is in the position, too, something so illogical that the matter can scarcely be allowed to rest. If the Jockey Club's repugnance to the owner of the Yale blue jacket is well grounded, their action seems more like the spiteful sally of a vexed woman than the calculated move of an administrative body. It cannot be pretended that Newmarket, although the metropolis of the Turf, holds rank as the sweetest, purest—ideal type of racing centre. Under their recent orders every trainer throughout the country, however remote from Newmarket, will come within the purview of the Jockey Club, and, indeed, be directly under their thumb. So debarring a man of standing from Newmarket and permitting his training elsewhere seems making a distinction which entitles the authorities to little respect.

On the other hand Mr. Richard Croker is placed in a position which demands clearing. To be publicly snubbed in such fashion cannot be pleasant. The refusal, indeed, carries a stigma. Brevet, the Australian, who was already installed at Newmarket, in charge chiefly of racers belonging to Mr. Henning, who hails from the Antipodes, and who has been favoured with singularly good fortune on the Turf in England.

There is some ground for the belief that Americans are not wanted in any capacity at Newmarket. All sorts of nationalities are represented there, but the antagonism of the Turf, holds rank as the sweetest, purest—ideal type of racing centre. Under their recent orders every trainer throughout the country, however remote from Newmarket, will come within the purview of the Jockey Club, and, indeed, be directly under their thumb.

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ANARCHIST ARRESTED.

The Philadelphia police have captured a man whom they believe to be the author of the attempt to blow up the liner Umbria on May 9, 1903.

He is also suspected of the attempt to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great at Washington last week.

Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, is said to be dying.

RIVAL SEEKERS AFTER TREASURE.

Story of a Fight for the Pirates'
Buried Hoard.

ISLAND OF MYSTERY.

Four Expeditions Have Fitted for the Cocos
Millions in Two Years.

Each day adds to the mystery surrounding Earl Fitzwilliam's expedition to Cocos Island in search of buried treasure.

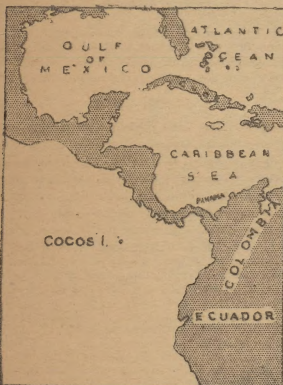
On January 10 the *Daily Mirror* was able to make the exclusive announcement that a rival search-party, headed by Mr. Harold Gray, was also engaged in search of the pirates' hoard. It was then suggested that a conflict between the two parties may have taken place.

On Saturday the "New York Herald" published the following telegram from Panama:—"Information has been received that there was an encounter between rival treasure-hunters at Cocos Island. Earl Fitzwilliam's expedition was defeated and beaten off by a band of men under Harold W. S. Gray, who secured the Costa Rican concession, and was first in the field."—Reuter.

Assuming this report to be founded on fact, it supplies a key to the extraordinary reticence maintained on the subject of the "accident," and the contradictory and puzzling statements that have been made since its occurrence first leaked out.

When the Earl, who is on his way home, was questioned upon the subject at Port of Spain, Trinidad, he replied that he had "never been treasure-hunting in his life," and declined to say anything further. Yet the Earl has undoubtedly been

THE PACIFIC TREASURE ISLANDS.



The Cocos Islands, which Earl Fitzwilliam and other treasure-seekers have been searching for an enormous hoard of gold and jewels buried there by pirates in the early part of last century.

in Cocos Island, for the most authoritative version of the accident attributes it to a succession of landslides in that place.

Yesterday Mr. Cecil Cowper, private secretary to Earl Fitzwilliam, received the following telegram from his lordship, dated Barbadoes, Saturday:—

"Contradict absurd rumours in the Press concerning supposed treasure-hunting expedition."

Mr. Harold W. S. Gray, the head of the expedition with which Earl Fitzwilliam is alleged to have come into collision, is a well-known English sportsman. He has already made one expedition in search of the Cocos treasure, sailing from England in January, 1904, with his yacht, the *Rose Marine*.

Although the expedition proved abortive, he appears to have obtained ample inducement to make another trial, for a fresh expedition was organised in November of last year.

For this venture Mr. Gray appears to have obtained the assistance of Mr. Hervé de Montmorency, who accompanied the Palliser expedition on board the *Lytton* in 1903.

In November Mr. de Montmorency landed a band of navies on Cocos Islands by the *Rose Marine*, afterwards sending the yacht back to Panama for Mr. and Mrs. Gray, who left England a month later than himself.

Mr. Gray's yacht, the *Rose Marine*, is now lying at Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, and, according to a San Francisco cable, is about to put off to Cocos Island.

CREW'S SUFFERINGS.

Men of the Drumlezier Tell of a
Midwinter Wreck.

Sixteen members of the crew of the steamship *Drumlezier*, which was wrecked on the 27th ult. near Fire Island, New York, were passengers by the *Cedric*, which arrived at Liverpool on Saturday. The captain of the wrecked steamer was not, however, on board, as he is travelling by the *Cunarder Vernia*.

Interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*, the survivors confirmed the terrible story of the sufferings they endured.

According to the first engineer, Mr. Alexander Wood, a heavy gale was blowing when the vessel struck. On the following day the port side of the ship was stove in, the flood of water nearly drowning the engineers and lifting the entire engine-room, boilers, and funnel six feet from the rest of the vessel.

To the fear of drowning was then added the imminent danger of an explosion, there being a 190lb. pressure on the boiler, while the engineers, up to their neck in water, were unable to work the valves owing to the spindles having been wrenched off. The vessel was washed from stem to stern with water, which froze into solid ice, and there was not a dry place on board, nor a warm one. For several days the men suffered terrible cold, for, although they got tinned meat, it was impossible to obtain warm food.

At last the ship broke in two, and the men signalled for assistance. Eventually rescued by the *Sandy Hook* lifeboat, the men were given hot baths at the lifeboat station and kept in bed for several days.

FROST AND WIND.

Racing Four Capsized in the Thames, Near
Hammersmith—One Man Drowned.

During the strong easterly wind yesterday morning a sad boating accident occurred on the Thames between Hammersmith and Chiswick.

A racing four which left the Alpha Rowing Club boathouse suddenly capsized. The Doves. Mr. Spencer Gollan, the amateur sculler and race-horse owner, and T. Sullivan, the professional sculler, went to their assistance and managed to rescue three of the men. The fourth, however, a man named Dennis, was drowned.

In spite of official prophecies to the contrary, the week-end saw the country once again plunged into wintry weather.

A man was found frozen to death at Dudley on Saturday; and at Primrose Hill a man collapsed while watching a football match, and was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition.

RATE WAR OVER.

Conference to Settle What Compensation
German Lines Shall Pay.

The Atlantic passenger rates war which the *Cunard* Company has fought single-handed since last June against the *Continental* and *Combine* lines concluded on Saturday. Peace was made at a meeting in Liverpool between Lord Inverclyde and Mr. J. Bruce Ismay.

Steerage rates will go up this week to their former prices of 45 10s. and 46s. instead of 41 10s. to 43s. as they have been recently.

To induce the British and American lines to take part in the rate war the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Companies guaranteed to compensate them for their loss in reducing the steerage rates.

Another conference will settle what they have to pay, but owing to the increase in the steerage traffic the amount will not be so great as has been imagined. The *Celtic* carried 2,400 emigrants to New York at 42 10s. per head.

KING AND CENTENARIAN.

Congratulated by His Majesty, the Aged Man
Wishes Him Long Life and Happiness.

Amid all the cares of State, the King has found time to send the following message of congratulation to Mr. Samuel Kemp, a veteran bootmaker of Bexley, Kent:—

The Private Secretary is commanded to offer the King's congratulations to Mr. Samuel Kemp on the attainment of his 103rd year and to express his Majesty's hope that Mr. Kemp may continue in the enjoyment of good health.

On being informed of the royal message, Mr. Kemp said, "It is very grand of him. It is just like his mother, whom everybody loved."

Two thousand five hundred poor children were taken by the Playgoers' Club, carrying out an idea of Mr. W. Pett Ridge, to see "Puss in Boots" at the Elephant and Castle Theatre on Saturday afternoon.

REVIVAL £17,000.

What Share the Evangelists Will
Get of the London Fund.

RAID ON A DANCE.

Zealous Christians of all denominations in London are now counting the days till the start of the Torrey-Alexander mission at the Albert Hall on February 4. At the week-end there was a grand rehearsal by the thousand-voiced choir in Exeter Hall.

In scores of London churches and chapels yesterday the impending revival was anticipated, as men and women sought spiritual consultations with their ministers at after-meetings.

EVANGELISTS' FEES.

Not a few people are protesting against the cost of the Torrey-Alexander mission, which has been stated at £17,000. They think the campaign could be conducted more economically, notwithstanding its magnitude.

Others take the opposite view, and cannot understand how the work can be done at the money.

One charitably-minded person writes to the *Mirror* to say that, though only a routine church-goer himself, London will make a good bargain if the mission makes seventeen genuine converts among society folk at £1,000 each.

Another is still more optimistic. In his extreme view, one millionaire thoroughly "saved" would be worth the expenditure, especially if the new life disposed him to "sell all he had and give to the poor!"

So far as the evangelists themselves are concerned, they get no wages. Only their travelling expenses are paid. Dr. Torrey's congregation in Chicago keeps his salary going while he preaches the Gospel to all the world.

GRAND CHOIR PRACTICE.

During the week-end there has been at Exeter Hall a rehearsal by one of the three "thousand-voiced" choirs of the spiritual songs that are to be the life of the revival in London.

Among the singers were sons and daughters of the peerage, clerks, shop-walkers, mechanics, waitresses, A.B.C. girls, milliners, typists, one journalist, and one member of the ballet.

Of bass singers there was a slight shortage, and Mr. Butin, the conductor, had some trouble with the tenors, until it was discovered, amid laughter, that their vocal score contained a misprint.

What "Hold the Fort" was to the Moody and Sankey revival the "Glorious Song" is to be the Torrey-Alexander mission. Boys will probably whistle it in the street, and the organ-grinder may reel it off in the quiet thoroughfares of suburbia.

Here is the first verse and chorus of the catchy melody.

When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore
Will through the ages be glory for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be glory for me—glory for me—glory
for me,
When by His grace
I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory, for me.

BESIEGING A BALL.

There is no moderation—and perhaps a lack of toleration about the Rhos revivalists. They have taken sides with Dr. Torrey in his hostility to dancing.

At the ball promoted by the Rhos Royal Welsh Fusilier Volunteers the dancers had to invoke police protection against the interruptions of the revivalists who literally stormed the ball-room.

Hymns were sung in an unamiable way to drown the dance music, while "converts" stood to identify ladies alighting from their broughams.

It is said that the penalty for attending the ball on the part of the Rhos Nonconformists will be excommunication.

"No more milk-selling for me on Sunday," was the vow of a newly-converted Lamberis farmer.

"If I am mad, I have Heaven for my asylum and Christ for my Keeper," a Welsh preacher told an audience.

Work will be found for seventy-five unemployed men to carry sandwich-boards in the West End, announcing the Albert Hall meetings.

A Sheffield reporter lectured to a large audience upon his impartial observations while acting as revival correspondent in Wales for his paper.

A Pontypriid collier prayed thus: "Save would-be suicides who have their hand on the latch of eternity, and don't let them arrive in hell before the devil expects them."

HALF-WITTED CLERKS.

Chamber of Commerce Says Young Men's
Lack of Education Lowers Wages.

WHY GIRLS GET THE WORK.

The Employment Department of the London Chamber of Commerce complains of the want of sufficient training of a large proportion of young men seeking junior clerical positions in the City.

A department manager in a big Wood-street soft-goods firm informed the *Daily Mirror* that for any vacancy there are crowds of applicants.

"But they are nearly all absolute duffers. Some of them cannot spell, or even write. Many of the boys straight from school seem half-witted."

"A good junior," he continued, "soon earns promotion. There are fifty or sixty men here who have risen from the lowest positions and now govern departments. But think of the hundreds they have been selected from.

"I know nothing about female clerks. But as to young men, from sixteen to eighteen years they have to be taught rudimentary knowledge they ought to have gained at school.

"Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five they are divided between football and frivolity and business. Then they begin to realise that life is serious, and that there is danger of going under in the struggle. Some find it out too late.

"Apart from special qualifications, like short-hand and foreign languages, there is a need for steady, reliable, careful juniors. And if they develop business qualities they will get on."

NELSON'S TEA PENSIONS.

Circular Issued to Agents Stating "Orders
Should be Sent as Usual."

There is little prospect that the widows with claims on Nelson's tea pensions will receive satisfaction. As we announced on Saturday, the company is threatened with a winding-up order.

Meantime a circular has been issued to a section of the company's agents by one of its depot representatives, dated the 13th inst., as follows:—

I had an interview yesterday with the directors of Messrs. Nelson and Co., Limited, and they have submitted to me a guarantee pension scheme, by which old customers who have lapsed will be placed in immediate benefit. This having been proved to my satisfaction to be sound and genuine, I have definitely decided to remain with the above company, and I herewith withdraw my previous remarks re Cooper, Cooper, and Co. I take this step for the welfare and interest of agents who have so loyally supported me during the past. Please send orders as usual. Particulars of guarantee pension scheme will be sent at our earliest.

This hardly tallies with the statement in the company's circular that, in consequence of threatened litigation, further payments will be suspended pending an order by the Court for the distribution of any funds available for the purpose.

DIED DOING THEIR DUTY.

Lord Roberts Pays Tribute to the Memory of
Thirteen War Correspondents.

Earl Roberts on Saturday unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral a tablet to the memory of thirteen English and Australian war correspondents who lost their lives in South Africa.

Unveiling the memorial, Lord Roberts said the ceremony gave him an opportunity of showing his appreciation of the work done for their country by these men.

They died in the loyal performance of their arduous duties, and they proved themselves worthy of belonging to a high and honourable profession, the members of which in all quarters of the globe had rendered valuable services, not only to the journals they represented, but to the public at large. It was fitting that such a memorial should be placed in the Cathedral.

HARROW BOY AND SULTAN.

A Harrow boy who was married at sixteen to his cousin aged eleven will shortly visit England and his old school.

He is Said Ali, the young Prince, who, after receiving a Harrow education, was selected by the British Government to rule over Zanibar when Khaled was expelled.

The young Sultan is a curly-headed negro of rather pleasing countenance, and is very popular among the British residents and officials.

His valet found Earl Cairns dead in his bed at the Union Club, Cannes, on Saturday. His death is attributed to heart failure.

The explosion of a tank containing 800 tons of naphtha, on the premises of the Thames Haven Oil Wharves Company, has caused a sensational fire.

HOW OUR "SLAVE" WENT HOME.

"Daily Mirror" Enables Frederick Lucas to Answer a Pathetic Appeal From Home.

DELIGHTFUL MEETING.

Dear Dada,—We are longing to know when you are coming home. Marjorie, Queenie, Edna, and me all wish you a happy New Year. From TEDDIE.

This touching little letter Frederick Lucas, the poor fellow who has chosen to call himself our slave, received just before the new year. It was from his eight-year-old son, the eldest of his family of four little ones.

From the old home in Liverpool, where he had left his wife and children, there had come to him many heart-rending messages, cries of want that he was powerless to answer as he wished. These words from his child made him sit down and sob as he had never sobbed before.

"Longing to see him"—him—the father who could not provide bread for the hungry wee mouths!

Oh, if he could only go and see the little ones once more!

But it was impossible. Frederick Lucas had not the money in his pocket to take him from West Ham to anywhere. Liverpool was out of the question.

Holiday of Holidays.

He had left his home on April 21 last year. Would he ever see that home again?

So his joy can be imagined when, after he had "sold himself" to us he was told to go and spend a few hours at his home. This is what happened.

In his own words, during this holiday of holidays:—
"When the train took me towards my home I could not believe that it was true. I thought as I sat in the railway carriage that I was dreaming, and that I should wake up and find myself listening to the dross-house 'free call,' Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! I was quite awake; people in the carriage talked to me quite reasonably, not like they do in dreams. I told them that I was going home to see my youngsters, Teddie, Marjorie, Queenie, and Edna, and they smiled at me as if they thought it was a joke.

"But it wasn't a joke to me—no, not a bit. It was much better than a joke.

"They didn't know at home that I was coming, of course. I had been sent off all of a sudden, but when I got to the top of our street who should I see but my little Queenie, looking up the street for all the world as if she were expecting me.

"I took off my hat and waved it to her, and I heard her shout out, 'Quick, mummy, here's dada come home!'

"I caught her up in my arms, and she felt ever so thin, and then they all came and almost smothered me. My poor wife almost fainted away with the excitement. How she has borne up I don't know.

Sunnier Days in Store.

"I told them that I was a slave, and that made them stare; and then I told them the sort of slave I was, a slave whose masters were trying to set him on his legs again, and had sent him home. That made them laugh.

"I had such a happy time that evening, so happy I can't tell you. We sent out for some sausages for supper, and we had such a meal! It was the best they had for many a long day.

"The next day we all went to church together, just as in the old times before I came to London to get work, and we had a beautiful walk in the afternoon, with Edna in my arms and Teddie, Marjorie, and Queenie running along in front of us.

"They cried ever so much when I had to start back, but I told them that sunnier days were in store, and Dada hoped to see them again very soon."

"Dada" is going to see whether he can give satisfaction at the yard of the dairyman who has kindly offered to employ him on trial. How he fares will appear in the *Daily Mirror*.

"LIGHTNING" POET.

Choice Selections from the Works of Mr. Anthony Schleman.

The love-poems of Mr. Anthony Schleman, who is now, as reported in the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday, in the custody of the Stratford, E., police, have a peculiar interest of their own.

They are examples of the work of a "lightning" poet. Mr. Schleman was a prolific writer of verse, for he believed that all the young ladies of the populous suburb of Woodford were in love with him. He would follow the chosen of the moment home, stand under a lamp-post, and dash off a passionate effusion as she entered the house, and there consign it to the letter-box. These circumstances must be taken into consideration in judging the merit of his verses.

The following is considered Mr. Schleman's best achievement:—

Ah, Diana, I love you, I do.
I love you; my heart burns truly.
I won't go away—I'm not untruly.
Say me you love; say you adore.
I'll be so happy and I'll eat sweeties;
I'll laugh till I've bust a button,
And then continue to ask for more.
Oh, Diana, if you only knew
The love, my love, which is so true,
You would not say go away, you
Silly man, you will not do;
So say one kiss, please, let me take,
If not for me then for my sake.

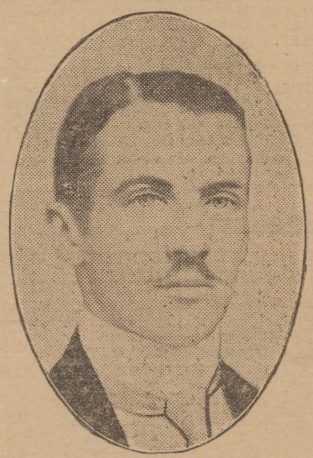
One passionate appeal concludes with the lines:—

I love someone, Diana, you, you,
For yer can't disown it,
Yer knows yer do.

That the majority of his effusions should be dedicated to Diana, the goddess of hunting and of the moon, seems not wholly inappropriate.

The recipients of Mr. Schleman's verses did not appreciate them, and the poet came into conflict with the police. He will appear again before the Stratford Bench on Saturday, charged with assaulting an officer of the force.

EARL FITZWILLIAM.



In the Veronique he headed a treasure-seeking expedition to the Cocos Islands, but found another party in possession.

DEMAND FOR GOLD.

Money-lender Tells How He Was Shot by an Unreasonable Client.

Mr. Louis Nathan Levene, the Surbiton money-lender, described at Kingston-on-Thames Police Court on Saturday how he was attacked by one of his clients, James Neldred Jayes, a Guildford grocer.

Jayes, he said, owed him £700, and on the night of December 12 came to his private residence in Clarendon-road, Surbiton, and pressed for a further advance of £100. "If you were to kill me I could not find you a hundred sovereigns in Surbiton to-night, as the banks are closed," Mr. Levene replied.

He rose and walked to the door to see another visitor and as he did so Jayes pulled out a revolver from his pocket, and taking deliberate aim at him, shot him in the groin.

For some weeks Mr. Levene's condition was very grave, and on Saturday twice during his evidence he nearly fainted.

Jayes was committed for trial.

For stealing an overcoat, William Jeffries, an ex-officer of Militia, was sentenced to seven days' hard labour at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Saturday.

CHILD'S SUICIDE.

Pathetic Farewell Notes from a Girl of Fourteen.

"DON'T THINK OF ME."

By the discovery, near the Bell Weir Lock, Egham, on Saturday, of the body of Annie Well-belove, a pathetic case of suicide has been brought to light.

A week ago the girl, who was only fourteen years of age, deliberately threw herself into the river. Previously she wrote letters, which prove that she was fully resolved upon taking her life.

She was in the service of a Mrs. Halks, at Egham, and last Monday morning rose as usual at seven o'clock and went downstairs. But when her mistress came down to breakfast the girl had disappeared. To her consternation, Mrs. Halks found the following note in the girl's handwriting:—

Mrs. Halks,—I am going to the river, so I must say good-bye to you and Miss Herd. I shan't come back again, so you must get another girl in the place of me. Let mother know of it so that she will know where I am. I am very unhappy, and I must go and leave you, so good-bye.

The girl was particularly attached to the Miss Herd, a boarder in the house, whom she mentioned in a note.

Mother's Discovery.

In frantic haste the girl's mother, who lived only a short distance away, rushed to the riverside where she learnt of what had been discovered. The only trace of her daughter was her straw hat, which was floating on the surface of the water.

When, after days spent in dragging the river, the body was ultimately recovered, two letters were found. They were written on black-edged note-paper and enclosed in a mourning envelope addressed to a sister at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

They ran as follows:—

Dear Mary,—I now sit down to rise these few lines. I am glad you like the see.
I shall never see you again, but don't think of me. You will see me dead.

Dear Jim,—I am sorry to part from you. I shall see you again at the last day; but never mind, I hope that you will grow up to be a man before you die. Love and kisses. Farewell.

Notes followed to "Edith, Daisy, Dear Baby and Father and Mother."
An inquest will be held in due course.

WOODED WITH HIS WIFE'S RING.

Married Doctor Pays £300 in a Breach of Promise Case.

As the outcome of what his counsel described as a "spree," Dr. William Harrop Parry, of Denbigh, has to pay Miss Francis Hanrahan, a Dublin barmaid, £300 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

Dr. Parry, who is a man of middle age, first met Miss Hanrahan in October, 1903, on board a mail boat from Holyhead. An acquaintance sprang up between them, and the doctor frequently crossed over to Ireland to see her. On one occasion, at Limerick, he brought with him six rings, one of which he put on her finger, proposed marriage, and was accepted as her future husband.

Afterwards Miss Hanrahan discovered that Dr. Parry was married, and brought an action in the Dublin courts to recover £2,500 damages.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy, K. C., who appeared for the defendant, referring to the visit to Limerick Junction, said that Dr. Parry had not got enough ready money, so he carried away every single bit of his wife's jewellery tied on a string, and was under the influence of drink when he put one of these rings on the girl's finger.

Dr. Parry went into the witness-box, and denied that he ever suggested marriage to Miss Hanrahan. He was not cross-examined, counsel for the plaintiff remarking that he did not appear to be in a fit state.

NEW FORM OF GAMBLING.

Two boys, who were charged at the Guildhall on Saturday, were said to have been indulging in a novel form of gambling.

"Five or more boys," said the constable who arrested them, "arrange the game between them. They toss up and choose numbers, five figures. Next they rush in amongst the traffic and select the numbers from the backs of the first five cabs passing, and the boy bringing back the highest number wins. It is not so much the question of gambling, but the danger and obstruction.

The alderman discharged the offenders with a caution.

STRANGE CRIME—LIGHT SENTENCE.

Judge Treats Leniently the Woman Who Stabbed a Barrister.

Taking a lenient view of the case of Rebecca Margaret Gregory, who stabbed to death with a knife Mr. Alfred Graham Stewart, a barrister, Mr. Justice Darling at the Old Bailey, on Saturday, sentenced her to six months' imprisonment in the second division.

It was shown that the woman, who came from Australia with Stewart and lived with him for thirty years as his wife, had had to endure much ill-treatment at his hands. On the night of December 22 there was an altercation between them at their house in Gorse-road, Wandsworth Common, which resulted in Stewart receiving a knife wound which caused his death.

Before he died he made a statement in which he said he did not think the injury was intentional. While he was lying in hospital he made a will in her favour.

In the course of his speech for the defence Mr. Elliott said Stewart had been drinking with a friend, and Gregory was made to drink too. She went downstairs to the basement to cut some ham for tea, and at the bottom of the stairs met Stewart taking some more liquor upstairs.

An altercation ensued between them regarding any more liquor being consumed, and a struggle followed. Gregory had a knife in her hand for the purpose of severing the ham, and during this struggle the blade entered Stewart's body.

GRUESOME MYSTERY.

Suggestion of a Brutal Murder and an Attempt to Conceal the Crime.

Last week the body of a man was taken from the Grand Surrey Canal, and the initial investigations suggest a brutal murder and a daring attempt to conceal the crime.

When found the body had been in the water some time. Death had been caused by a severe stab in the neck, which the doctors say could not have been self-inflicted.

The stab had severed the spinal cord and would have paralysed the man, rendering him incapable of reaching the water.

The body has been identified as that of James A. Lemon, fifty-eight, a plumber, who had been missing from his home since December 15.

The Home Office have ordered a second autopsy, and the inquest will be held to-day.

JEWELLER'S SHOP RANSACKED.

Burglars Break Door Locks and Secure £1,000 Worth of Valuables.

Gold rings, brooches, and bracelets, which, it is estimated, were worth nearly £1,000, have been stolen by burglars from the shop in Prince's-parade, Muswell Hill, of Mr. Arthur C. Hildyard, a jeweller and silversmith.

The robbery was a particularly daring one, as though the shop stands in a central position, where the thieves might have been surprised at any moment, they effected an entrance by forcing the locks of both outer and inner doors.

When Mr. Hildyard went to business on Saturday morning he found that the place had been ransacked from top to bottom. Violent but unsuccessful attempts had been made to open the safe.

The thieves afterwards left by the front door, which they carefully closed behind them. As yet no arrest has been made.

MAGISTRATE'S 100,000 CASES.

During the ten years Mr. Curtis Bennett, who is to be Mr. Shell's successor at Westminster, has presided at Marylebone Police Court he has dealt with upwards of 100,000 cases.

As showing the increased work of the metropolitan magistrates, Mr. Bennett dealt with 13,661 cases in his first year at Marylebone, while last year 22,215 cases came before him.

IMITATING SYVETON.

Lying unconscious on the floor of a Glasgow house, Arno'd Stirling, a foreigner, was found with an indurible tube in his mouth. It had been fixed to the gas-bracket, and beside the man lay a piece of paper with the words: "Like Syveton, I am not afraid to face death."

Restoratives were given him, and he soon recovered.

SANDSTORM IN MID-OCEAN.

On arriving at Plymouth, the Aberdeen liner Moravian, from Australia, reported having encountered a severe sandstorm in mid-Atlantic.

Many of the passengers collected as a memento some of the yellow dust which lay heavily on the deck and is supposed to have come from the Sahara.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD.

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Blue Oxysdial Cases & Jewellery, Lo-o or Movements.
ACCURATE TIME-KEEPERS. Post Free.

V. SAMUEL & CO.,
26, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

WALES ROUTS ENGLAND.

Disappointing Football by English Backs—Welsh Style an Object Lesson.

ALL OVER IN TEN MINUTES.

To say that the prestige of English Rugby football received a heavy blow at Cardiff, on Saturday, is to put the matter mildly. Wales won by two goals and five tries (25 points) to nil, and, moreover, thoroughly deserved their victory.

The English fifteen were not merely beaten; they were utterly routed. They practically lost the match in the first ten minutes, when Wales scored a couple of tries, and they never looked like regaining their lost ground.

In recent years English teams have fared badly on two or three occasions at the hands of the Welshmen, but they have never given such a miserable and hopeless display as on Saturday. It was the worst defeat England has ever sustained, and was thoroughly well merited. All round they played rank bad football. No one could possibly have imagined that such a deplorable exhibition could be given, but there it was.

I must confess to being disappointed with the English forwards, whom I thought would hold their own. They did not come up to expectations, but it would be unjust to attribute the reverse to them. With their backs rendering them little, if any real, assistance they had a very hard task. They were on the collar the whole time, and they cannot be blamed if they failed to do the work of the whole side.

Welsh Forwards' Dashing Tactics.

Still the English scrummers did not break up as quickly as their opponents, and struck me as being the slower in the open. They tackled well, but were lacking in dash. The Welsh forwards seemed to put more vim into their work, and were the more dangerous when the ball was in the loose. Taking the match as a whole, there was perhaps not much in it between the forwards, but the Welsh front rank, in addition to being a trifle faster, were more prompt in seizing upon their chances.

As it was, the English forwards gave their backs plenty of opportunities; but the latter were too bad for description. A more incompetent lot have not played for England. The game was often near the Welsh line, but the backs did not know how to bring the attack to a successful issue. Somebody always blundered at the critical moment.

As I feared would be the case, Irwin let the side down at full-back. He was lamentably weak in tackling, and kicked poorly. He has, I trust, played his first and last international match. I was always strongly opposed to his inclusion in the team, and hope that the committee in the future engagements will call upon Horsley. England has never been represented by a worse full-back.

Men in Their Wrong Positions.

Of the English backs only Hulme and Cooper came through the match with any credit. Hulme was excellent, getting the side out of several difficulties, and Cooper did many good things. For some unexplained reason, Cooper and Dillon, who have been Blackheath's left wing all through the season, were separated, Cooper going on the right.

Dillon was a dreadful failure, and his international career is ended. He was terribly slow and was wanting in decision. Raphael was uncertain, and Palmer was obviously out of place in the match. Between them, the English backs threw away four or five good chances. The whole team were rushed off their legs in the first quarter of an hour and never properly settled down.

With regard to the Welsh team, one can only have words of praise. They played a bold, open game, and their luck was in. From lofty kicks the ball nearly always bounced favourably for them, and a football player knows what that means.

Wales Might Have Scored More.

Giving them their luck in the Welshmen played a really fine game, and it is surprising how splendid, and it would have been no surprise had their score been larger. It was only strenuous tackling that kept them out on three or four occasions in the second half.

There was far more life and directness in their methods. Their backs did not always do the right thing, but they were quite competent whenever they did. There was no sign of hesitancy in their work. The men gave and took their passes well, and had a "go" with them that was well nigh irresistible. The difference between the two sets of backs was most marked. The Englishmen were slow and clumsy; the Welshmen were prompt and alert in their movements.

Davies was an excellent full back. He was only twice really hard pressed, but he was equal to every occasion, and his kicking was admirable in its length and accuracy.

I fancy that the match was a little misleading, but there can be no question that the Welsh fifteen are thoroughly strong at all points. They had the good fortune to get the top of England quite early, and they sat there comfortably for the rest of the match. They soon had a winning game and played it very well indeed.

TOUCH JUDGE.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

A pike weighing 23½ lb. was safely landed by an angler at Teddington, on Saturday.

At Exeter a butcher has been fined 5s. and £3 12s. 6d. costs for selling sausages in which boracic acid had been used as a preservative.

The annual dinner of the National Society of Professors of French in England will take place at the Café Royal on Saturday, February 4, the French Ambassador taking the chair.

RUINED BY THE SEA.

To the inroads of the sea at Pakefield, near Lowestoft, during the past few years, a local builder attributed his failure at a meeting of his creditors.

His statement was confirmed by the Official Receiver, who said all Pakefield properties were unsaleable owing to the sea encroachments.

FREE READING LEADS TO A "BLUE"!

When opening a new public library at Poplar on Saturday, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., gave a curious instance of the benefits of a free library.

Two years ago, he said, the son of a boiler-maker in Poplar "went from a junior scholarship to an intermediate and then a senior, and in his very first year at Cambridge took his "blue."

At Mildenhall, Suffolk, a company has been formed which, for 1s. a year, insures watches against accident and theft up to the value of £5.

Over 3,000 sparrows having been brought to the Mountsorrel (Leicestershire) Sparrow Club, during 1904, the payment is now reduced from 3d. to 2d. per bird.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., will preside at a lecture on the Franco-German war, to be given at the University of London, South Kensington, at 9 p.m. this evening.

BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

Though one of the most familiar phrases, it rarely happens that a bull does actually enter a china shop.

At Midhurst, Sussex, however, a bullock dashed into the china store belonging to Mr. T. Maides, but was speedily dragged out by its tail without having damaged a single article.

SIR E. GREY ON FARMING.

Farmers should never cease to make experiments, said Sir Edward Grey to the Newcastle Farmers' Club on Saturday.

Commenting on the success of farming in Den-

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

A MATCH-SELLER AND HIS VALET.

It was startling to find a street hawker of matches and bootlaces prosecuting his own valet for theft, but such is the latest sensation of Worship-street Police Court.

George Thomas Jenkins is the hawker in question, and we give a portrait of him on page 1, as he appears at the City-road "pitch," where he has conducted his business for the past thirty-five years. He is a paralysed old man of sixty-five, and his "valet's" duties were to get his meals, to see him in and out of bed, and to wheel him and from his City-road corner. Jenkins had taken his valet from the workhouse, and gave him bed, breakfast, and supper and two shillings a week for performing the services required; and one month's hard labour, which was the man's sentence for stealing a watch and chain and other articles from his helpless employer, was not any too hard a punishment for a particularly mean crime.

AERIAL ADVERTISING.

A method of advertising that will be a novelty to most people, though it is not absolutely new to London, is shown in our photograph on page 8. The kites which appear in it were sent up from the roof of the Lyceum Theatre, and one of them was distant as much as two miles from its starting-place at the time of its highest ascension.

The largest of the kites is 7½ square, and they carry huge banners 40ft. and 35ft. long. One bears the legend "Lyceum" and the other "To-night at 6.30 and 9."

THE LOST ACCOUNTANT.

One of the most curious of the strange disappearances of which we have had many examples lately is that of Mr. J. A. Robinson, whose portrait appears on page 8. He has not been seen or heard of since a few minutes after leaving his office in Conduit-street on the morning of Christmas Eve.

The most probable explanation seems to be that his is a case of lost memory, and that he is wandering about the country somewhere unconscious of his own identity, for there is no evidence pointing either to suicide or foul play. He is a strongly-built man of 5ft. 10in., with a heavy, light brown moustache and brown hair turning grey at the sides.

A substantial reward has been offered for any information which will lead to the discovery of the missing man.

HEALTHY LONDON.

Town-dwellers Rejoice in a Lower Death-rate, but Fewer Births and Marriages.

Fewer births and marriages have taken place in London during the last twelvemonth reported by the London County Council's Public Health Committee than in previous years.

The falling-off in the birth-rate (which now stands at 23.4 per 1,000 living) is really significant because continuous. But the number of marriages in London in 1903 was 40,215, being only a very slight decrease.

The epidemic of smallpox shows a remarkable and welcome falling off. Only 416 cases (thirteen fatal) were reported, as against the huge number of 7,100 during the previous twelvemonth. On the other hand, there were upwards of 2,000 fatal cases of measles, a disease to which the London County Council has now applied the Public Health Act.

There were 7,124 deaths from consumption—a very slight falling-off.

Various forms of cancer claimed 4,685 victims, as compared with an average of about 4,000 in previous years.

A Lower Death-rate.

But London can show its lowest death-rate on record—15.7 per 1,000 persons, compared with 18.9 for the past decade.

This can be set off against the lower birth-rate and marriage-rate.

It is a lower death-rate than that of any Continental capital (during the corresponding period), except Brussels, Stockholm, and Amsterdam.

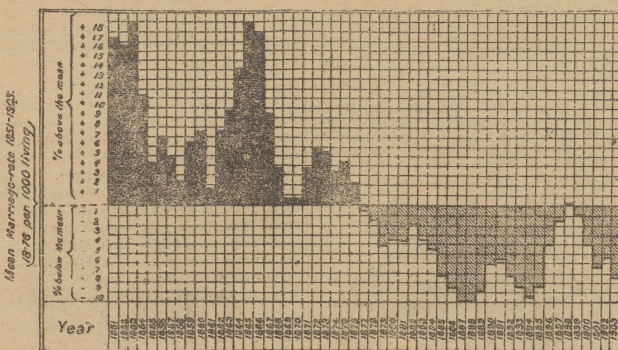
Watercress is reported as a source of danger under certain conditions, while the purity of London's milk supply is so serious a question that it will probably come before Parliament this year.

The population of "administrative" London was 4,613,512 in the middle of 1903. Of this total the borough of Islington comes first with 339,137, Lambeth second with 307,711, and Camberwell and Wandsworth third and fourth with 265,000 and 245,000 respectively.

Only seven metropolitan boroughs did not boast a population of 100,000, and of these by far the smallest were Holborn with 37,945 persons, and the City with 24,639.

Diagram I.

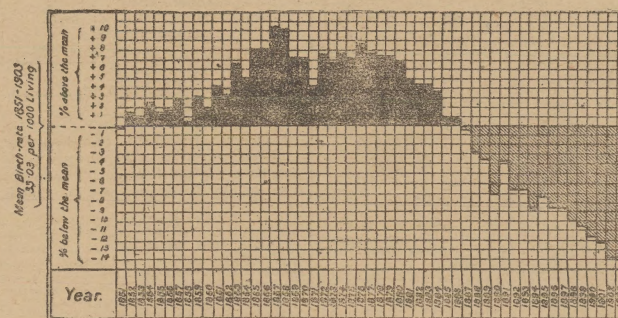
—Marriages—



There was only a slight decrease in the marriage-rate in London during 1903, the number for the year being 40,215.

Diagram II.

—Births.



This diagram shows graphically the continued falling off in the birth-rate of London, which now stands at 23.4 per 1,000.

What would he have been able to do if it had not been for the public library?"

Some of Mr. Crooks's hearers are still wondering what is the connection between free libraries and athletics.

QUEEN'S LOST MINIATURE FOUND.

During the royal visit to Chatsworth Queen Alexandra was much distressed by losing, at Rowley Station, a miniature, set in diamonds, of the late Queen.

Sergeant Wolley, of Birmingham, having been fortunate to find the miniature, has been rewarded with a sovereign, which he is having mounted as a pin.

PIG'S POSTHUMOUS HONOUR.

Many have been the tombstones erected to the memory of a favourite dog, horse, or cat, but it may be doubted whether a memorial-stone has ever before been placed over the grave of a pig.

Such a tablet has, however, been placed by the landlady of the Cock Hotel, Worsley, near Manchester, over the dead body of her favourite sow, "Polly," which was fifteen and a half years old, and had had a progeny of over 200.

mark, Sir Edward expressed his belief that the Dames' propensity was due to two things—scientific study in the form of education, and organisation.

MARYLEBONE WORKHOUSE TYRANNY.

Great indignation has been caused in Marylebone owing to the local workhouse authorities insisting upon cutting the hair of every female seeking indoor relief.

At an open-air public meeting, held at the corner of Edgeware-road yesterday morning, a vigorous protest was registered against this system, which, according to one speaker, "robbed woman of her crowning glory."

SELLING CATTLE BY WEIGHT.

To-day a new Board of Agriculture order takes effect directing all public authorities and auctioneers who sell live-stock by weight, to render an account to the Board as to the number weighed each week, together with the prices obtained for fat and lean stock respectively.

Although in many markets few animals are sold by weight, it is thought that farmers, generally, will benefit by having reliable information as to the prices ruling in various parts of the country.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
8, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1905.

OUR PROGRESSIVE KING.

IT is little wonder that King Edward's special notice of the work done by the Salvation Army and the Church Army should arouse some discontent among clergymen of the older school. Nor is it surprising to find that this type of man resents the attention which is being paid by the newspapers to such efforts as the Torrey-Alexander mission.

Here is a letter to the *Daily Mirror*, evidently written just after reading our interview with the Rev. W. Carlike about his reception by the King. The writer does not wish his name to appear, which seems to us to be a pity, for it would add interest to his views. He simply signs his letter "A Church of England R.D." (Rural Dean).—

It is not encouraging to the ministers of various denominations who do their duty quietly, as their fathers did before them, to be systematically ignored, while others who have been doing the same thing with a flourish and a noise are selected for honour and recognition both in high places and by the Press.

In this letter we find both the secret of the age and the cause of the failure of the Church to keep up with the age. We live in a day when old-fashioned ways of doing things must be displaced. They are not good enough. They belong to the past. They must be buried with it.

We can see this wherever we look. All the institutions, businesses, companies, systems which are doing their work well have been brought up-to-date. The others which have not yet had the searching eye of criticism turned upon them creak and groan and can scarcely be got to move at all.

King Edward is for Progress. He sees that General Booth and Mr. Carlike are on the right path. They are making belief in God a reality by linking it up with efforts to do good to man. They are not working by formulas. They are following fresh ideas.

Nowadays attention must be attracted by originality, by force of character, by coming out into the open. Every day we have evidence of this, and the King's interest in the two "Armies" is a striking testimony which will set many more people thinking besides our "Church of England R.D."

"ONE LAW FOR THE RICH."

The other day we reported a case of aggravated and unprovoked assault in a railway carriage. The guilty person was sentenced quite rightly, as everybody agreed, to twenty-one days' imprisonment. Now he has been let off, on appeal, with a forty-shilling fine.

Why is this? The only reason we can see is that the convicted man claimed relationship with Lord Craven. There is no question at all that if such a gross outrage had been committed by a poor man, or a man not related to an earl, it would have been properly punished. What an advantage to have noble relatives!

At Southwark Police Court justice is administered with an even hand. The County of London Sessions distinguish between the "nobility" and the rest of us. "One law for the rich and another for the poor" is evidently the motto there.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Properly speaking, all true Work is Religion; and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will. With me it shall have no harbour.—Thomas Carlyle.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IT was just thirteen years on Saturday since Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, died. As Chaplain to the King, Canon Fleming, who preached so famous a sermon on that occasion, was heard again yesterday at Sandringham. Canon Fleming was described by Lord Beaconsfield, who knew what oratory ought to be if ever a man did, as the most eloquent preacher he ever heard. Certainly his sermons have a great influence. People read them as eagerly as they go to hear them, and the one on the Duke of Clarence's death has brought in more than £1,500 for the charities to which the proceeds of its sale are still devoted.

Canon Fleming's power as a preacher came partly from his admiration for the great actor, Macready. As a young man he was an enthusiastic follower of

Macready's public readings, and found each one of them a lesson in elocution. He got to know the actor later on, and once, at his request, read aloud some lines from Milton to him. Macready listened for a little, and then said: "You will never read perfectly till you have mastered your nerves." As a matter of fact, Canon Fleming is still extremely nervous, but he has succeeded, after a long struggle, in completely concealing the fact.

The Earl of Craven (whose name has been unfortunately connected with a cousin's misdoings), as becomes one who lives near Cove, is much interested in the motor industry. He possesses a very large and most wonderful car himself, which looks like a kind of state-cabin taking a tour on land. Lord Craven drives this superbly-upholstered vehicle himself, and may often be seen with it in Piccadilly or Bond-street, quite unconscious of the sensation it creates. He has invented several of its appliances himself. His "motor stables" are one of the wonders of Coombe Abbey, his favourite home.

Lady Craven is a graceful and dignified woman, who has borne her difficult and much-criticised position with admirable tact. She was a Miss Cornelia Bradley-Martin, and her marriage with Lord Craven was the international sensation, socially speaking, of 1893. The bride was only sixteen. People said she had worn her hair down until her wedding day. People also crowded to the wedding, and behaved in the usual pushing and scratching manner customary at such functions. But with all of it Lady Craven managed to remain dignified, and her marriage has proved the greatest success.

A very interesting wedding is to take place to-day at Clifton, where Mr. George Earle Buckle, the editor of the "Times," will be married to his cousin, Miss Earle, daughter of the late Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford. Mr. Buckle, who has edited the "Times" since 1884, is still in the prime of life, only just over fifty. His very tall figure is often to be seen on various golf-links round London and on the coast, his eyes shining with enthusiasm for his favourite game and his long golden beard tossed by the wind.

It was just a year after he was appointed to his great responsibility that Mr. Buckle's previous marriage took place. His first wife was a daughter of James Payn, the novelist, a woman of a beautiful character, who bore persistent ill-health with heroic courage. She died a good many years ago, leaving two children. The editor's best man to-day will be Mr. Valentine Chirel, who has charge of the Foreign Department of the "Times." He is one of Mr. Buckle's closest friends. Another is Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India. Mr. Buckle knows "everybody who is anybody," but the privilege of his intimate friendship is reserved for a very few.

Lady Palmer is one of the most famous musical hostesses in London, and there will be an enthusiastic crowd of music-lovers at the reception which she is to give at 50, Grosvenor-square, to-night. Very few refuse an invitation from Lady Palmer, because her receptions, wonderful to relate, are never crowded, and, more wonderful still, her music is always good. She is an excellent judge, and will allow no crude maidens with voices like train-whistles to weary her guests. She has shown her fine instinct for what is good in music by introducing several well-known players to London—amongst them the now famous Kubelik.

Every unmarried man in Germany must consider that Dr. Heck, of Rherdt, Rhineland, is a very lucky person, for he has just become engaged, it is said, to the richest woman in the Kaiser's dominions. This young lady is Fräulein Bertha Krupp, whose father, the late Baron Krupp, left her a fortune of some £15,000. That, at least, is what the fortune is estimated at. Nobody (probably not Fräulein Krupp herself), knows the exact amount which is derived from the immense iron and steel works at Essen, in Prussia.

Anyhow, Miss Krupp is the Queen of the iron world, as Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the King of it. She has not allowed her wealth to spoil her, however. She is a most self-possessed young woman, very clear-headed, so business-like as to have the intricacies of her iron-works clearly before her, and, moreover, very artistic. She is a cyclist, a golf-player, and a fine horsewoman. And nature has endowed her, in addition to all these favours, with a charming and graceful appearance. Her hair, especially, is very beautiful, and her dark eyes sparkle with intelligence. Little wonder she has had many suitors.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 16.—Recent mild weather in Devonshire has made life in the garden possible again. How splendid a sunny winter day is!

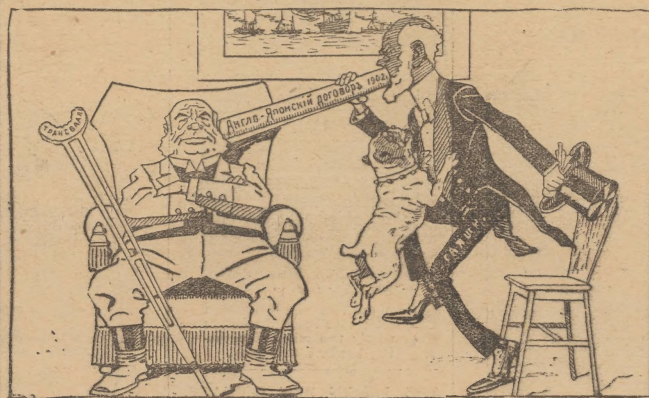
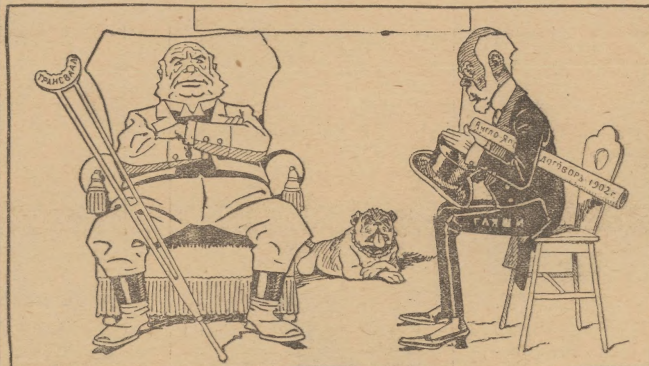
Not songless, for the robins are singing beneath a cloudless sky. Not flowerless, for several primroses have refused to waste such a happy moment in sleep. Snowdrops are waking, the yellow jessamine a glow.

After such a golden day we are glad enough, it is true, to gather round the blazing fire. Without a winter glare is howling. Yet we are

Dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April rains and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers.

E. F. T.

RUSSIANS EAGER TO BELIEVE ENGLAND UNFRIENDLY TO JAPAN.



The Russian papers are still trying to persuade their readers that Japan and England are on bad terms. They represent John Bull as listening attentively to Baron Hayashi when the Alliance was discussed, but as turning a deaf ear when complaint is made that the Russians get coal from British ships. The crutch is labelled "Transvaal" but does not add any point to the pictures.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Commander Wells, Head Agent of the Conservative Party.

NO one in the country is having a more anxious time just now than he is. A general election means an exciting time for him.

But he is used to exciting times, if not to general elections. Still, before many months are over, he will probably wish he was still chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

He has gone far in his forty odd years of life. He started his life in India, came home to England as a child, and entered the Navy when he was little more.

Then he became Extinguisher-in-Chief, and earned the affection of his men, even if he did not gain very great public confidence. Still, he inaugurated a number of very good reforms in the fire service. The extension of the telephone service of the fire brigade was one of the best.

Personally he is one of the most alert of men, and he looks it. Whenever he went to the theatre or a dinner-party he used to take his uniform with him, and he has been seen to change from evening dress to the regulation "tin hat," long boots, etc., by the light of a burning house.

Political life has overcome his naval air as little as did the Fire Brigade. He is still the same smart, dapper little officer that he was when he commanded a torpedo flotilla. He still jerks out his sentences with the quick rattle of a Maxim gun, and orders a new batch of political leaflets with the same "spat" with which he ordered away a "port" boat. He still wears the black torpedo beard which looked so smart under the naval cap or a silver helmet.

If he can manoeuvre his party as successfully as he manoeuvred the miniature fleets at the Earl's Court Naval Exhibition some years ago he will do well.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs from English, European, and American Newspapers.

Parvenu (to visitor): You know this castle that I live in was built by my ancestors.
Visitor: They were builders then?—"Simplicissimus" (German).

Friend: What! you can't even sew on a button for your husband?
Young Wife: Oh, I could do it, only we have no sewing machine.—"Judge" (New York).

"But, Herr Baron, your father-in-law complains on every opportunity that you have not made his daughter happy."
"One can't expect to get everything for a shabby 50,000 marks."—"Fliegende Blätter" (German).

Lady (to whom visitor has presented a bouquet of flowers): What, you have given yourself this trouble because of my birthday?

Young Man: But with a lady a birthday occurs so seldom.—"Humoristischer Blätter" (Austrian).

Doctor: I must forbid alcohol entirely for a time, even if your poetical inspiration suffers under its loss.

Poet: That doesn't matter. I can meanwhile write a tragedy.—"Journal Amusant" (French).

Judge (to witness): You say you have known the prisoner all your life?

Witness: Yes, my lord.

Judge: Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money?

Witness: How much was it?—"Birmingham Daily."

Pictures of the Day's News.

AN IRISH MAIL PACKET IN COLLISION | AERIAL ADVERTISING



Our photograph shows the steamer M. J. Hedley, which was abandoned by her crew after coming into collision with the Irish mail-packet Connaught near Holyhead. The M. J. Hedley drifted on to the rocks, but was subsequently towed into Holyhead Harbour.

THE RESOURCEFUL "HANDY-MAN."



In this photograph a party of stokers were "caught" as they were propelling their dinghy with stokehold shovels, oars not being forthcoming.—(Cribb.)

A TREAT FOR CAMBERWELL CHILDREN.



Over a thousand poor children were entertained on Saturday to a substantial meal, with a concert following, by the "Strathnaver Fairy Circle." Our photograph shows some of the guests. The organisation which gave the feast commenced as just a family affair, but has now attained big dimensions.



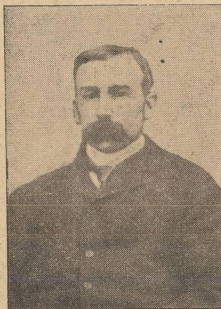
The advertising kites flown from the roof of the Lyceum Theatre have reached a height of nearly two miles, supporting banners 40ft. long.

THE L.C.C.'S NEW COINAGE.



The L.C.C. are issuing the tokens shown above for use upon the trams. They are composition discs of two values, halfpenny and one penny, and respectively blue and white in colour.

THE LOST ACCOUNTANT



Mr. J. A. Robinson, the Conduit-street accountant, who walked out of his office on the morning of Christmas Eve and has not been seen or heard of since.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF



The work of transforming the Victoria terminus of the L.B. and S.C. Railway is proceeding rapidly. Some idea of the huge scale of the rebuilding operation may be gained from the picture.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.



Miss Edith Franklin saved a Harrow-road constable from serious injury by summoning assistance with his whistle. She has just received a present of money and a message of thanks from the Commissioner of Police.

THE DUKE AND DU



This photograph was obtained at Belem Palace for a drive through the park.

A DEAD REGIMENTAL PET.



"Billy," the regimental pet of the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, has just died at Aldershot. His death was due to his making a meal of the coloured paper decorations which had been thrown away after the Christmas festivities.

STATION.



into a modern station worthy of the metropolis and the large area to be covered by the new above.

ESS OF CONNAUGHT IN LISBON.



ust as their Royal Highnesses were leaving the streets of the Portuguese capital attended by ando de Serpa.—(Benoliel.)

IG FISH FROM BECKENHAM.



pike shown above was caught by Mr. F. Griffiths waters at Beckenham, Kent. It was 3ft. 3in. in length and weighed 17lb.

Photographs of Saturday's Football.

"SAM" IRVIN,



The international back, who played for England against Wales in the big game at Cardiff on Saturday.

THE FULHAM GOALKEEPER



Fryer played a fine game against Manchester United on Saturday, but could not save the two goals which made the match end in a draw.

ENGLAND AND WALES.



A combined run by the English three-quarter backs in the match at Cardiff on Saturday.

ENGLAND v. WALES.



The first of this year's international Rugby matches can now be numbered with the past. The above photograph shows the English team attempting a rush. It was not productive, however, as the result was: Wales, 25 pts.; England, nil.

30,000 PEOPLE WATCH THE MATCH.



Above is seen a small section of the huge crowd which collected at Cardiff to see England beaten by Wales.

CORINTHIANS v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.



In this match at Tottenham the amateurs beat the professionals by 2 goals to nil. Our photograph shows Tottenham pressing hard in their endeavour to score.

CONFESSIONS OF A CIVIL SERVANT.

How the Government Clerk Spends
His Time and Earns His Salary
from the Nation.

'I NEVER INTEND TO WORK.'

By A CIVIL SERVANT.

I am a civil servant, a University man, a "first-class clerk," my salary is £390 a year, and though it would be untrue to say that I never did a stroke of work in my life (for I worked at the Varsity and for my exam., and am working now on my third novel, written for the most part at the office), I can honestly say I never did a stroke of work for the country, and I certainly never mean to.

Why should I work? If I were to work for the country I should be a fool, because a man's own interests come first.

PAID WHATEVER HAPPENS.

In the first place, whether I work or don't work my pay goes on, and after ten years the annual allowances on ten-sixtieths of the annual salary and emoluments of my office become mine by right, with an additional sixtieth in respect of each additional year of my service. Unless I die or commit a nameless crime, no power on earth can prevent me drawing pay and claiming the pension which I do nothing to deserve.

Were I to become zealous and practise efficiency my fellow-clerks would stare, for they would think I had taken leave of my senses. My chief would look me up and down through his single eyeglass, and I should be made to feel down to the marrow of my bones that things would be made unpleasant for me in the future.

Nobody works in my office—that is, no first-class clerk. The establishment of the second division of the Civil Service by the Orders in Council of 1890 was divinely ordained to prevent overstrain among the intellectual and better-bred branch of the Civil Servants of the State.

Duties? Of course, I have duties. My duties

mainly consist in the composition of certain minutes for the signature of my chief on documents that pass through the registry.

As a matter of fact these minutes are written and composed by a clever second-class clerk. He has been for years in the office, and knows more about the work of the department than anyone else. But he is not a gentleman. He has contracted a habit of inserting his pen behind his ear. His trousers are bulgy at the knees. He calls a pound a po-und. When he returns from his luncheon he smells of beer. But he is a good fellow and works hard. I don't know what we should do without him.

Could the work of the department be done by second-class clerks? Of course it could, but not without upsetting the whole apple-cart of the Civil Service. To do so would destroy the system on which the Civil Service is founded. Nobody is supposed to think "Obedience" and "shirk" are the two watchwords.

We are always multiplying papers—they are called "cases"—and muddling over details that would be done far better by bank-clerks or the second-class clerk who does my work for me.

A MORNING'S WORK.

When I arrive at the office in the morning, there are private letters to open and to answer. Ladies write to one's office, don't you know, and they cannot be kept waiting. About eleven o'clock the day's work is given out, which may occupy me possibly for an hour or two, but I always get a good portion of the day to myself; so do the others. We discuss current affairs and other affairs that are not current.

It sometimes happens that not a single clerk is transacting any business, and if you were to send round the other departments of State you would find that state of things to exist in them all. There is a strong and literary contingent in our office. Here is an epitaph that was written on Government paper in the office on the retirement of a senior clerk. You will admit that it has its merits:—

IN MEMORY OF

Who departed this official life on
March 30, 1884.
Scrupulous in the avoidance of every duty,
He gracefully escaped the obligations
Of this transitory life.
Regarding virtue as a thing beyond price,
He was careful not to degrade it by practice.
His mind was a storehouse of knowledge,
Of which he had lost the key.
And in finally paying the debt of nature,
He left no doubt as to the value of his life.
The consolation of meeting his other liabilities.
PAX NOBIS.

Speaking generally, all the best men in the office have private work, while the less energetic and capable do nothing. In one Government office known to me there is a dramatic critic who receives

£500 a year from a London paper. The work of his department is not heavy. In these cases of private appointments it is difficult to reason that one's best efforts are given to one's private business.

Occasionally it happens that there is a press of work, and the chief comes fuming into the room and wants to know why so and so has not been done. The correspondence with other departments is one of the chief causes of waste of money. The chief is usually compelled to find work of some kind or Parliament might take it into its head to curtail some of the privileges.

For instance, when work is very short, the heads of department can grant sick leave on full salary for six months, and on half salary for another six months. The leave after ten years' service is allowed to extend days in the year, but we are always able to accommodate one another, and the leave regulations are practically nominal.

What do I do during the day? Well, the following is a time-table as well as I can make it out. We are supposed to attend the office at ten, but the rule is not strictly interpreted. After the work is given out and the private letters answered there is the "luncheon-hour" and by that time the luncheon-hour is a welcome interlude.

Returning from luncheon at half-past two or three in slack times (and times are slack for two-thirds of the year), I read the minutes which have been drafted by the little bouncer in the second-class division and initial them. I generally endeavour to enter into conversation with my chief, as his favour is a powerful element in the question of leave, extras, and promotion.

A LOST BET.

To curry favour with him is not always a pleasant occupation, but it is necessary, and the time is not ill-spent.

Sometimes I am sent to represent the office on inter-departmental committees on small matters, and in the course of one of these interludes in the routine work I gathered that a bet of £100 had been made the previous day at the Savoy Hotel between two wealthy men—one an American and one an Englishman—to the following effect: A representative of each party to the wager was to visit six English Government departments between the hours of three and four in the afternoon.

They were to enter three rooms in each department and to take note how many clerks were working and how many were idle. If there were more workers than idlers the American lost his money, and if there were more idlers than workers the Englishman lost his. When the statistics of these surprise visits were handed in it was found that the American had won the wager—70 per cent. of the Civil Service clerks visited by the two inspectors were idling at the time.

No, I never did a stroke of work in my life for the country, and I never intend to.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.

The Praise of Billiards.

Billiards is an admirable education in carefulness, prudence, dash, and perseverance, and is thus a moral as well as a physical educator.—Lady Violet Greville, in "The Graphic."

Living in Public.

We seem utterly incapable nowadays of taking our baths, eating our meals, acting charitably, or taking exercise unless we are trumpeting forth our methods of so doing it, and doing it, moreover, as one of a kind of sect.—"Lady's Pictorial."

A Humourist on Port Arthur.

The surrender of Port Arthur has been marked by many pathetic incidents. A Kentucky editor, who had already published the news thirty-five times, had a fit on learning that it could no longer be contradicted. Several poster-writers went off having to live upon their wits again, and a large number of war correspondents joined the ranks of the unemployed.—"Bystander."

A Board of Health Wanted.

Perhaps the best thing for this country would be to have a Board of Health to advise the Government on all legislative and administrative points in respect of what State interference in health matters was expedient, and to consider and report on problems of health.—Sir Lauder Brunton, in the "Sanitary Record."

A Successful Shop.

The great Emperor Napoleon I. was of opinion that the English were a "nation of shopkeepers." If that statement be true, it may be computed that our national shopkeeping has been successful, and that the branch establishments which we have founded in various parts of the world have largely contributed to the success of the firm.—"Sporting and Dramatic News."

Autocrat and Plutocrat.

The Tsar of Russia's wealth is fabulous, for he is in very truth an autocrat, owing no duty to any government, and able even to draw on what has been described as the largest secret gold deposit on earth. As an actual fact, Nicholas II. has made great reforms in Court extravagance and wastefulness, and during the last year he has given up the greater part of his private income to pay for the needs of his huge army.—"Madame."

BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of "Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GORTHE.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Vanna Tempest could not live without the luxury, gaiety, and finery which had been hers in the days before the smash which drove her husband to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and had failed, but he was resigned; the woman chafed in the thralls, and her nature was spoiling.

In despair, Dick Tempest, the kindest and best of souls, resolved to risk the remnant of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him this time. In a few days he netted the sum of £200. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time. Look up your women friends, and I will write to Heron and ask him to look after you. Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him, but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you're enjoying yourself if I ask him to look after you."

She went, and lived in a world of gaiety—at first. Then the society of Tony Heron was enough. In short, by a terrible irony, her husband's unselfish sacrifice had thrown her into the arms of another man. She loved Tony Heron—and she must go back home. The return was to her a tragedy.

Her husband, all unsuspecting, was delighted at the change in her; but Vanna was a stranger in her own home. In vain she struggled against the temptation, but soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger. Suddenly, by the merest chance, Dick Tempest learns the truth from a dropped letter, but hides his knowledge from her.

In to-day's instalment a new character appears.

CHAPTER VIII.

"She saw with the world's eyes—but she had a heart."

Lady Betty Somerville sat in her boudoir-den in her charming home in Green-street, with her foot planted firmly on the fender, looking over a long list of names that her secretary had handed to

her when she came in from her afternoon drive, a few minutes ago. They were the names of the people to whom she was going to send Christmas presents.

"Boudoir-den" was the only word that could describe the room she sat in, for it looked half a woman's room and half a man's. It was very cosy, with the rose-pink velvet curtains closely drawn and the fire burning cheerily; but it was very incongruous all the same.

The furniture was genuine old French, and the carpet was a valuable pale-tinted Aubusson, and the rose-pink walls were hung with delicate silver points and exquisite Whistler etchings; but the electric light was unshaded in the many ornate candelabra, and the wall opposite the fireplace was decorated with foils and rare sporting prints and Vanity Fair cartoons of famous athletes; and when the door opened and a heterogeneous collection of gun-axes, ice-axes, whips, hockey-sticks, and skis—all the paraphernalia of a most ardent as well as versatile sportsman.

Lady Betty was that, as well as a woman of fashion so powerful that her word could make or mar the reputations of men.

She had always been a very remarkable woman, with a very strong individuality. As the youngest, and, for a good many years, the unmarried daughter of the late Duke of Tenby, she had been her father's inseparable companion. She had accompanied him on his big game shooting expeditions; she had ridden across the Arizona desert with him, and learned to throw a lasso with the most expert of cowboys; she had hunted and shot and skated and fished with him; she had climbed all the great peaks of the Alps and Andes; she had driven sixteen mules down narrow rocky mountain roads in Africa; she had won the international high jump on skis; she had long held the tennis championship for her sex; and she was now, at fifty, the most skilled chauffeur in Europe, and president of the Ladies' Automobile Club.

It was not until after her father's death that she had married, Hugh Somerville, who had lived exactly three years, worshipping her blindly, and then had the misfortune to be mauled to death by a tiger in Bengal in front of her very eyes. She had managed to put a bullet into the great beast just in time to prevent herself from sharing her husband's fate; and no one could have said

that the tragedy had had any effect on her nerves. She had mourned her husband sincerely; but he had died like a good sportsman, and gone to the happy hunting-ground.

He left her sole mistress of an enormous fortune. For seventeen years she had remained a widow, despite numerous offers, including one that perhaps no other woman in England would have refused. She constantly said that she had everything she wanted, her social life, her sport, her animals, and her motor-cars. Certainly she had more genuine friends than she could count. She had a perfect temper, a perfect digestion, a charming smile, and a heart as young as a girl's.

She was not good-looking, but ultra smart. She was extremely thin, straight, and straight, only just above the medium height. She had rich Auburn hair, frankly dyed, grey eyes, sparkling with humour, weather-tanned cheeks, and a beautiful large generous mouth. Her nose and chin were both long and pointed. In short she was every inch an aristocrat, and she looked dignified whether she was in a tulle gown, or in the whole of the famous contents of her jewel-cases.

She was always perfectly dressed. To-day she wore reseda velvet, with a bordering of sable, cavalier cuffs of old rose point, and enormous square emeralds on her fingers. On her bright hair, dressed high and with a mass of tight curls for on her forehead, was a sable toque with green-shaded feathers, and on a chair near by was thrown a magnificent sable wrap lined with green chiffon. Round her neck was twisted a string of big pearls, that hung below her waist, and in her lap was a glittering mass of gold things—purse, puff-box, card and cigarette cases, match-box, memorandum book, and all the rest of it.

She was reading through the long list of her friends' names with deep attention, and ticking off a name here and there for an exceptionally handsome present, when the door opened and a footman announced:—

"Mr. Heron."

Anthony Heron came into the room with his swift, eager stride.

Lady Betty welcomed him cordially and gave him the usual hearty handshake.

"Sit down and don't speak for one moment," Tony said. "Yes, please," she added, speaking to the servant. She had a low, well-bred voice, with no particular quality about it at all.

Lady Betty was very fond of Tony Heron. She was his best friend; his mentor. She had made for him an interest in anybody, she would feel at that person's feet. Some venturesome person had once said that it was obvious that Lady

Betty was in love with the young financier. It may have been obvious to the venturesome person, but it certainly was to no one else, and all those who knew the powerful lady were well aware that, if she had fallen in love with any man, she would have taken no trouble to keep it dark.

Anyhow, the friendship of these two strong and wealthy people was on its quiet and pleasant and satisfying way, and it was not until quite lately that Lady Betty had been obliged to harbour the slightest suspicion that there was anything in Tony Heron's life that she did not know, any secret that she did not share.

When the tea was brought in she put down her paper, and shut her gold pencil-case with a snap.

"Tony," she said, "it seems ages since I've seen you."

"You are looking younger than ever," said Anthony Heron, rather hastily. "You are the most wonderful woman in the world."

"Fifty, Tony—fifty, last week. By the way, thanks for the flowers."

"You don't look a day more than thirty-five, even in this fearful glare that you insist on living in," he assured her, with a glance at the acres of unshaded lights.

She looked at him with a quizzical smile.

"Have you come here to pay me compliments, Tony?" she asked. "I haven't seen you for three weeks, and there never was a week since I've known you when you didn't drop in two or three times."

She handed him a cup of tea, and then poured herself out a little glass of green chartreuse, and lit a cigarette.

"I haven't met you anywhere, either," she added, with a steady glance from her humorous, wise, grey eyes.

"I've been awfully busy," he said, rather lamely. "It's a slack time in the City," she remarked drily. "Tony, you haven't been yourself for the last six months."

"Nonsense!" His laugh was uneasy. He was not accustomed to having secrets from her. He had missed her cheery company, her wise counsel, her big, broad, human sympathy, in those few moments when he had been able to tear his thoughts away from Vanna and how she had looked when he last saw her, what she would say when he met her next time, how he was going to kill the intolerable hours in between.

"Tony, it's a woman," Lady Betty said abruptly. "My dear Lady Betty!" he protested, in those few moments when he had been able to tear his thoughts away from her lips. "Listen to what it sounds like. For the last six months, ever since June, you've hardly been seen in the world at all. There's been absolutely nothing doing in the City; besides, if there had been, it wouldn't have interfered with your social engagements. Speaking for me, I have no point of view. I've hardly seen you at all; and, when I have, you've been moody and

(Continued on page 11.)

COURTSHIP BY CORRESPONDENCE.

A Happy Marriage Between a Bride
and Bridegroom Who Only
Met an Hour Before
the Wedding.

BRIDE'S 7,000-MILE TRIP.

Great as are the difficulties under which many men and women at home in England labour in their quest for suitable partners in the married life, they are as nothing compared with those of our exiled brothers in distant countries.

Occasionally one of these exiled ones, instead of pining in silence, places his case in the hands of friends or relations at home.

We give to-day the photographs of a bride and bridegroom who never met until an hour before they were wedded, and whose life in British East Africa, to judge by their letters, is ideally happy.

It was only last year that Mr. Stobbs wrote home to say that he wanted a wife. As he had no chance of finding one at his lonely station on the Uganda Railway, he asked his brother what he could do.

A WIFE FOR HIS BROTHER.

For some time the English brother went about among friends and acquaintances looking with his brother's eyes for a suitable wife. At last he found the girl he believed his brother would have chosen, and put the case before her.

Naturally she did not care for the idea, but on receiving a full description of his life he consented to correspond with the absent one, and so to her taste did she find him in his letters that she promised to go out to him.

After a month upon the water and travelling 7,000 miles, she reached Mombasa, where her husband-to-be awaited her. He had journeyed 600 miles from his up-country station to the coast to meet her.

Within an hour they were married at the British Consulate, and the same afternoon the marriage was confirmed at the English church.

The first thing the happy couple did was to write home and say that they had fallen in love at first

sight as well as having fallen in love over their letters. Then they started for their new home. Since they reached there yet another letter has reached the brother in England to say how complete is their happiness.

VARIOUS VIEWS.

"W. H." is to be admired for the unselfishness with which he has cared for his mother. There are many other men in the same position, and they deserve the admiration of all women. The man who respects and honours his mother will do the same with his wife.

I for one, if I could win the love of such a man, would no longer be

CONTENTED THOUGH SINGLE.

A "STAY-AT-HOME" GIRL WANTED.

I have generally managed to come across the girl who is fond of dances, theatres, and dinners. Though I am not prejudiced against these amusements, I do not like the idea of marrying a girl of that sort. A "stop at home" girl is the wife I



Mr. Stobbs, of the Uganda Railway, and his bride. They made love by letter, and were married an hour after they saw each other for the first time on the bride's arrival in Africa.

want. These are apparently the very girls who do not get the chances they deserve.

Perhaps if I wait long enough I may have the good fortune to find one. Till then I prefer to remain

UNMARRIED.

LIFE A BLANK WITHOUT A HUSBAND.

I am a widow, after thirty-five years of ideal married life, and cannot understand anyone preferring to remain single. Such people must be unutterably selfish.

Brighton.

LONELY.

"MARRY IN HASTE, REPENT—"

Think before you get married. Be sure not to take that step until you are old enough to know your own mind.

I married at the age of seventeen, without a thought for the future. Now at twenty-five I have five children, and know well what it is to be hungry and to shiver before an empty grate. Worse still, I know what it is to be unable to provide enough bread for a sick child when the doctor has ordered rich food. LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.



Mr. Stobbs, of the Uganda Railway, and his bride. They made love by letter, and were married an hour after they saw each other for the first time on the bride's arrival in Africa.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

distant. I hear from others that you're always going off for long, lonely motor rides—two or three times a week. When I think of the splendid runs we've had, you in your car, I in mine—and the races, and the narrow escapes from death and the Surrey police! My dear Tony, what can it mean but a woman?"

The man said nothing, but went on puffing at his cigarette.

"I'll do some more Sherlock Holmes for your benefit," she went on. "I'm getting anxious, Tony, and I want to have it out. Given the conclusion it is a woman, I argued like this. If I'm impertinent, you must tell me to stop, only you know how fond I am of you. Well—he's keeping it dark, so there must be something wrong about. Otherwise there's no mystery. No. No. No. There are only two kinds of women—girls and married women, with whom men can have these secret affairs. Now, I know you're too straight to carry on with a girl, therefore it must be a married woman. See?"

"You're quite right," said Tony Heron. He did not seem offended. His eyes were full of a strange, exalted light.

"It is a woman?"

"Yes."

"And there is something wrong?"

"What the world calls wrong?"

"She is a married woman?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you've told me, Tony," said Lady Betty quietly, "because I've seen you together."

Tony Heron flushed crimson, and sprang to his feet.

"You've seen us!" he cried savagely.

"Don't excite yourself, Tony. Sit down. I don't matter now, do I? I was motorizing the other day, and I got on to a road that led up from the little village called Boddington, somewhere near the river—such a pretty road! I wanted some tea, so I stopped at an inn. I saw your motor waiting outside; of course, I knew it at once. I was just feeling jolly glad that we could spin home together when you came out of the inn with a woman. You didn't see me. I was a good deal tied up from behind by the tonneau. You didn't look at my car. You didn't look at anything—only at her. And I must say that she was worth looking at—perfectly lovely, with the glow on her cheeks, and the pale blue chiffon framing her face. You both got into the car and drove away, and I went in and had my tea, a woman wiser than all the world of London, and she was a little sadder, too."

There was a short silence, and then Heron said in a queer, choked voice:—

"You recognised her, Lady Betty?"

"Of course, at once. And, of course, I understood in a flash why you had been so different; and why, at first, you had wanted me to take Mrs.

Tempest up, when she came to London, and then, a week or so later, had done all you could to prevent my meeting her, or having anything to do with her."

"I suppose you think me a frightful cad?"

"Well, I'm rather sorry. It's so—so uncomfortable, and I'm afraid it's nearly bound to come out. Of course, I'm all right, but other people will see you—bound to, some day. I liked Mrs. Tempest, too."

"She's an angel," said Anthony Heron fervently. "I dare anyone to say a word against her. It's an awful position, Lady Betty! A woman marries a man—she imagines she likes him. Years pass; she doesn't live—she exists, she is dormant. Then she meets another man and she awakes. They love each other, they are made for each other. He's free, she is bound. They can't live apart. What are they to do? What are they to do?"

Lady Betty shook her head sympathetically. "Is it as bad as that?" she asked. "That sounds awful. I'm so glad those things never come my way. My poor, dear Tony."

"It seems to me that marriage is either a farce or an iron chain," he muttered.

"You are really serious?"

"Deadly serious."

"Then, if she had no husband?"

"I would marry her to-morrow."

Again there was a silence. Lady Betty held out her hand and gripped his, like a man; but there was a gleam of doubt in her eyes.

"Give her up, Tony," she said at last. "If not for morality, then for wisdom."

"What do you mean?" he asked curtly.

"She is older than you!"

"A year or two."

"It doesn't matter now; but later on, and it must be more than a year or two."

"Five, to be correct," he said bitterly.

"She has a big girl—a daughter almost grown up."

"Not fourteen yet. It's no good, Lady Betty, I know you mean well."

"Give her up, Tony, while you can. What sort of a man is her husband?"

"One of the best."

"Give her up, for all your sakes! It's all very well for you. One day you will ride away in the moonlight. But she? She'll never be able to give you up; she'll cling to you—when it is all over. And you'll wish her dead."

"For God's sake, don't!" he implored.

"I know women—and men. She'll fasten herself on to you; she'll make you scenes. You mean life to her—she is poor and inordinately fond of luxury."

"I can't see that. And I daresay she loves you. It's quite easy for a woman to love you, Tony. Give her up for her own sake, before you tire. Be a man. It's no game for you."

Anthony Heron rose to his feet; his face was set and hard.

"I'm sorry you don't understand, Lady Betty," he said stilly.

"I do understand—I'm awfully sorry. I daresay it's dreadful—I'm sure it is. But I'm giving you good advice. Give her up while you can—it will be a wrench, but it will be over. If you don't, I'm afraid for the woman. You're bound to tire; all men do. But she won't, and she may do something desperate. She may kill herself—she's got the face of a grande amoureuse. Tony, give her up."

"That would be the basest thing of all," he said sternly. "I'm astonished that you care to call me your friend, Lady Betty, when you don't credit me with the first instincts of a gentleman."

"Don't be absurd!" she cried. "No man is a gentleman in love; or one here and there among millions, and then there's bound to be some woman who wishes he weren't, and tempts him beyond endurance. No, Tony, don't talk nonsense. Give her up," Lady Betty pleaded, with some of the disappointed sadness of a child. "I want you to give her up because I want you to spare the woman, but, more than that, because I want you to play the game."

"I can't, I can't," he murmured brokenly. "But how good you are. Only you don't understand. I must be going now. Good-bye."

"Well, at least come with me to the Carruthers, to-night," she said, changing her tone. "You have a card, of course?"

"I suppose so. I don't remember."

"Will you come with me?"

"Of course, with pleasure."

"Then dine with me here, first—eight o'clock."

"I shall be delighted."

She gave him her hand. The clasp of it was like a moral breath of fresh air.

Anthony Heron walked back to his chambers. In a way he was glad that he had unburdened himself. Lady Betty was as safe as a tomb. But he had given no promise. He would just as soon have given his word to shoot himself that night as give up Vanna Tempest. But he would go more into the world; she had been right about that. It was foolish to get talked about. He would be seen everywhere. He owed it to himself and Vanna—yes, to Vanna, too.

The first thing he saw on entering his hall was a telegram. He read it with kindling eyes and quickened heart-beats.

"Am coming to town for two days. Meet me Paddington six-thirty—Vanna."

He looked at his watch. It was six o'clock; she would be here, with him, in half an hour. What a glorious surprise. A dinner at some quiet restaurant, an evening all to themselves.

He hurriedly wrote out a telegram to Lady Betty Somerville, and gave it to his man to dispatch immediately.

"Deeply regret unavoidably prevented from dining and accompanying you Carruthers to-night."

—Heron.

Then he jumped into a hansom and drove to Paddington.

(To be continued.)

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The items specified below are merely typical examples of the Thousands of Bargains that are fully described and illustrated in the Clearance Catalogue.

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IT AIDS DIGESTION,
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resisting Double Damask, grass bleached, as illustrated on page 46 of Catalogue.

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at Clearance Reductions

596 pairs of handsome "Unbreakable" Scotch
Net Curtains, in White or Ivory—
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Usual price.....17s. 9d., 19s. 9d., 21s. 9d.,
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RECIPES FOR AFTER-THEATRE SUPPERS A PICTURESQUE TOILETTE.

CHAFING-DISH COOKERY.

A MEAL THAT IS QUICKLY PREPARED.

For some time past the large restaurants and hotels have been catering for after-theatre suppers, and very delightful it is to take a late repast in public to the strains of a band. But there are many people who infinitely prefer a cosy meal at home, nor are there so many difficulties in the way as might be imagined.

On no account should the servants be kept up. Arrange beforehand with the cook what dishes you will give your guests and get her to prepare all she can.

It is a good plan to have some good clear soup left ready in a pan, which can be easily heated over a spirit-lamp. Then again, any hot dish that can be cooked in a chafing dish is particularly suitable,

Make this mixture hot, and put it on one side till it is required.

Next break the three eggs into a basin, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them, and beat them well. Put three-quarters of an ounce of butter in the chafing dish, or pan, melt it slowly, then pour in the eggs, and stir them quickly, till the mixture begins to thicken. Next add the rest of the butter cut in small bits, stir till the mixture is lightly set, then add the milk. Have ready some nicely-fried pieces of toast, spread the chicken mixture on them, and as quickly as possible heap some buttered egg on each, and serve it all immediately.

SPAGHETTI A L'AMERICAINE.

INGREDIENTS:—Quarter of a pound of spaghetti, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, half a pound of tomato pulp, salt and pepper, a few browned crumbs.

Put the spaghetti in a pan with plenty of boiling, salted water, and boil it till it is tender. Then drain it and wash it in cold water. Melt the butter

SICK PLANTS.

STARVATION DIET GOOD FOR THEM.

Sometimes a plant is on the sick-list, but its owner can find no good cause for its unhealthy condition. It is simply "out of order," and in such a case the starvation treatment should be tried for a time with just water enough to keep the plant from dying. No matter if it does lose its leaves. By and by in many instances it will evince a disposition to grow, and then it can be brought back to its ordinary treatment by giving it more water. Sometimes the cause of ill-health is an unnatural condition of the soil. Allowing the soil to dry corrects the evil, whatever it may be, and makes it possible for the roots of the plant to regain the strength they have lost. It is a good plan to re-pot such a plant in fresh soil as soon as it begins to grow.

DISCOVERIES.

TO WATERPROOF BOOTS.

An excellent way to waterproof boots is to melt together in a pipkin two parts by weight of tallow and one of common resin. After warming the soles of the boots apply the liquid warm to them, but not hot, and for as long as it will sink in. This application may be repeated as the soles wear out, for it will greatly increase their durability.

TO BANISH WRINKLES.

Well beat the white of an egg, add to it a few drops of Eau de Cologne, spread it on a soft rag, bind it on the forehead until the morning, then bathe the face in lukewarm water.

COLOURS WILL NOT RUN.

If coloured silk or woollen antimacassars and cloths are washed in bran water the colour will not run. Put two or three handfuls of bran into a piece of muslin, pour boiling water over it and then, when it is cool enough, wash the articles without any soap; dry them quickly and iron them on the wrong side.

TO CLEAN SATIN SHOES.

At this time of the year, when dances are so frequent, satin shoes are rather an expensive item of the evening toilette, so it is excellent to know of a way to clean them. Take a piece of flannel and dip it in spirits of wine, then rub the shoe with

the grain of the satin, changing the flannel as it gets dirty. Any light colour may be cleaned in this way. It should be remembered that white satin shoes should always be kept in blue paper to prevent them from discolouring.

WORM-EATEN FURNITURE.

Carbolic oil is said to be the most effectual remedy for furniture that has got into this state; it is even better than turpentine. A little of the oil should be poured on the furniture, then be rubbed well into it, rubbing it into the holes as much as possible. This application should be repeated every week.

MILLINERY BELOW COST PRICE.

Two very famous millinery houses close to Bond-street are selling their wares this week at marvellous reductions, and as the advantages both offer are extraordinary, and the distance between the shops is not great, visitors are advised to make a point of going to both the addresses herewith given, for there will be great bargains at both.

Mme. Valérie, of 12, New Burlington-street, is making a wholesale sweep of all that remains of her stock at 7s. 9d. for each piece of millinery, irrespective of marked prices. So it will be quite possible to secure a hat marked at three guineas for the mere bagatelle of a shilling just named.

Three prices are going to reign at 8, Grafton-street, Bond-street, for Mesdames Hancock and James have elected to offer all their millinery, and very beautiful it is, at three prices, namely, 8s. 9d., 10s. 9d., and 15s. 9d. This sale will take place for four days only, so it behoves every bargain-hunter to be early in her quest for smart pieces of head-gear at ridiculously low prices.

HINTS ABOUT SLEEP.

Never awaken a person who is ill, even to give medicine, unless by definite instruction from the physician.

It is bad to sleep in such a way that the light will strike the eyes before it is time to wake in the morning. It is unwise to go to bed hungry, and often equally unwise to retire immediately after a heavy meal.

Avoid sleeping in an undergarment that has been worn during the day. If the change from woollen underwear to a cotton nightdress produces a chilly sensation, then provide one of soft, light flannel.



The above smart afternoon toilette is made of golden brown velvet. The skirt is gauged at the waist, and the bodice is very elaborate with its ruffled bolero, its little cartouche inner vest, and its cascades of cream lace and its black satin cincture.

and some of these the forthcoming recipes suggest. Ready-made coffee can also be left awaiting reception.

HADDUCK A LA VERONIQUE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of cooked fresh haddock, half a pint of white sauce, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of browned crumbs, salt, and pepper.

Remove all skin and bone from the haddock and divide the flesh into flakes. Put all the ingredients ready on a plate with a pretty fire-proof dish.

At supper-time the hostess, or one of her guests, has merely to light the lamp, pour the sauce into the chafing dish, stir it till it is hot, then add the fish, one tablespoonful of cheese, the cream, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Make the mixture quite hot, then turn it into the fire-proof dish. Sprinkle the rest of the cheese on the top and a few browned crumbs. Hold it close to the fire for two or three minutes, and it is ready to serve.

CEUFS A LA CARLTON.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of cooked chicken, one yolk of egg, one tablespoonful of milk, salt and pepper. For the buttered egg mixture: Three eggs, one ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of milk, salt and pepper, toast.

Beat up the yolk of the egg with the milk. Cut the chicken into neat cubes, and add it with a seasoning of salt and pepper to the egg and milk,

and stir the flour into it smoothly. Put the tomato pulp through a sieve, and add it to the other ingredients, seasoning the mixture nicely with pepper and salt. Next cut the spaghetti into convenient lengths and stir it into the sauce.

All that remains to be done is to turn it into the chafing dish, make it thoroughly hot, then either serve it to your guests from the chafing dish or turn it into a hot pie-dish, and garnish it with little heaps of chopped capers and croutets of bread.

The former is infinitely the better plan to adopt at midnight feasts.

WORRY AND FRET.

Men worry and women fret. A fretting man is unusual, and a woman who wears herself out with worry unaccompanied by fretting is not common. Both are manifestations of a common failing, however, and fretting is only worse so far as it compels others to share the victim's unhappiness. It is a trite saying that fret and worry kill more people than hard work, and very many men and women, realising the truth of this, have gone successfully to work to conquer the miserable habit. It is harder to do this where the tendency is inherited; but it can be done, and where it is an acquired habit the task is easy for a determined spirit. The way to terminate the habit is to stop it by force of will, and not to begin it again.

COATS AND SKIRTS

New Spring Coat and Skirt

(AS SKETCH).

In various pastel shades of Hopsack, trimmed white cloth, braid, and silk.

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DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Great Fight at Brentford—Both Bristol Clubs
Successful—Portsmouth's Poor Form.

Coming to the games which are of a purely Southern interest, those at Brighton and Brentford stand out head and shoulders above their fellows. Something like 16,000 spectators paid for admission to the Brentford grounds, and they were all rewarded with a game which must remain in their memory for many a long day. It was not a match in which football of a particularly high order was witnessed, but it was a gladiatorial

Nottingham Forest played a much improved game against Aston Villa, but still they were a trifle lucky to effect a draw of one goal each. The champions performed brilliantly against Bury, and completely outplayed them. Still Bury are at the moment out of immediate danger of falling to the last two places on the table. Sheffield Wednesday, however, seem to have got into their stride just in time for the Cup-ties. The match between Man-

burgh Academicals), L. M. McLeod (Cambridge University), J. Forbes (Watsonians), and J. C. McDonald (Edinburgh University), three-quarters; E. D. Simson (Edinburgh University), and P. R. Munro (Oxford University), half-backs; W. M. Milne (Glasgow Academicals), R. S. Stronach (Glasgow Academicals), W. P. Scott (West of Scotland), W. E. Kyle (Hawick), A. W. Little (Hawick), H. N. Fletcher (Edinburgh University), A. Ross (Royal High School), and A. G. Cairns (Watsonians).

FROST STOPS RACING.

At a late hour last night it was stated that the frost was so keen at Wolverhampton that the executive decided to postpone to-day's programme until to-morrow. The order of running will remain as published and the second day's programme be abandoned.

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O'Donovan's Antics—Selections
for Wolverhampton.

The first at Plumpton was very severe during Friday night, and but for the powerful sure which quickly righted all traces, matters would have been awkward. As it was, the going was bumpy in places, but, fortunately, there were no accidents, and in the presence of another large company a pleasant afternoon was spent.

Dam, Queen Bee, and Wiederschen occupied the three leading berths on Friday in the Bromide Steeplechase, and they opposed each other again in the Ringmer Steeplechase on Saturday. But the result was different, as Wiederschen won easily with Dam third. The pair were divided by the favourite, Lord of the Level, who had incurred a 7lb. penalty for the Gattick victory.

Mr. H. Bonas's O'Donovan, when going well, fell at the water, and Freemantle had a narrow escape. He, however, recovered himself admirably. Sandy Bree unshipped his rider at the fence, which is fatal to so many—the last on the far side—and Ballycoursa also appeared to be dead, but upon a gun being requisitioned and the order given to fire, the animal immediately got upon his legs, to the great surprise of the onlookers. He afterwards trotted into the enclosure, none the worse for his tumble.

An exciting struggle for supremacy was witnessed in the New Year's Steeplechase between Bush Rose and Ostonwood, the first-named, who fell on Friday, despite blundering again at the water, just getting home by a head through superior jockeyship on the part of Freemantle.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- WOLVERHAMPTON.
1.15—Novices Steeplechase—1 KNOW.
1.45—Penn Steeplechase—BEVIL.
2.15—Manor Hurdle—FAST CASTLE.
2.45—Staffordshire Steeplechase—MISS DOODS.
3.15—County Hurdle—HIS LORDSHIP.
3.45—Wednesbury Steeplechase—BLAZER II.

SPECIAL SELECTION.
FAST CASTLE.
GREY FRIARS.

WINNERS AND PRICES AT PLUMPTON.

Race.	Winner.	Jockey.	Price.
Selling (16)	Telefon	A. Birch	8 to 1
Hindcastle (6)	Wiederschen	Mr. Scott	100 to 8
Plumpton (3)	Lady Cora	F. Mason	11 to 1
Worthling (10)	Lyle Lee	E. Driscoll	40 to 1
Boat (6)	Bush Rose	J. Freemantle	10 to 1
New Year's (5)	Bush Rose	J. Freemantle	7 to 4

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

- 1.15—NOVICES' STEEPLCHASE PLATE OF 100 SOVS.
Two miles.
aShinju .. 5 11 2
aDeclamation .. 5 11 2
aCrown Jocky .. 5 11 2
aLoch Leven .. 5 11 2
aHindcastle .. 5 11 2
aParish Clerk .. 5 11 2
aGraymount .. 5 11 2
aHerrington .. 5 11 2
aPunchal .. 5 11 2
aShinju .. 5 11 2
aTruthful Maiden .. 5 11 2
aBranklow .. 5 11 2

- 1.45—PENN STEEPLCHASE PLATE OF 50 SOVS.
Two miles.
aException .. 5 11 2
aBevil .. 5 11 2
aMaggie Box .. 5 11 2
aVenkale .. 5 11 2
aCommon Right .. 5 11 2

- 2.15—MANOR HURDLE PLATE OF 80 SOVS.
Two miles.
aHighway .. 5 11 2
aFast Castle .. 5 11 2
aAldwell .. 5 11 2
aMarsala .. 5 11 2
aOrmeau .. 5 11 2
aChatter .. 5 11 2
aSan Pablo .. 5 11 2
aCherry Tartan .. 5 11 2

- 2.45—STAFFORDSHIRE HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE OF 100 SOVS.
Two miles.
aRover II .. 5 11 2
aMerry Monk II .. 5 11 2
aPrince II .. 5 11 2
aHogoblin .. 5 11 2
aWillkins .. 5 11 2
aMiss Doods .. 5 11 2
aKepler .. 5 11 2

- 3.15—COUNTY MAIDEN HURDLE RACE OF 200 SOVS.
Two miles.
aHis Lordship .. 5 11 2
aDe Be Quick .. 5 11 2
aWhat Next .. 5 11 2
aKillick .. 5 11 2
aEady .. 5 11 2
aSt. Gal .. 5 11 2

- 3.45—WEDNESBURY STEEPLCHASE OF 70 SOVS.
Three miles.
aSana Atout .. 5 11 2
aCourt Flavour .. 5 11 2
aPrince II .. 5 11 2
aRaxilly .. 5 11 2
aDetail .. 5 11 2
aBlazer II .. 5 11 2

DAWSON'S EFFORT.

Exciting Play in the Biggest Billiard
Match of the Season.

Dawson made a game effort to make up his lost ground in his match with Stevenson on Saturday, and at the close of play had placed a vastly different complexion on the game. The match is one of 18,000 up for £100 a side, and is being played at the Argyle Hall.

On Friday Stevenson had secured a lead of 1,380, but this Dawson reduced to 316 during Saturday's play. In the afternoon Dawson made his best of 135 and 169 (unfinished), to Stevenson's 108 and 116. The latter failed to reproduce his splendid form of the previous day, and Dawson, in the course of a dozen visits to the table, scored 704, to Stevenson's 151. The interval scores were: Stevenson, 7,636; Dawson, 6,637. In the evening, Dawson played splendid billiards, took his unfinished break of 169 to 377; his other breaks were 120, 230, and 197 (unfinished), to Stevenson's 89, 100, and 74. Dawson's 377 is the highest break of the match. Closing scores: Stevenson, 7,899; Dawson, 7,873.

For a time

Constipation and Indigestion may give rise to nothing more serious than a distressed feeling or discomfort due to an overworked or impoverished condition of the Digestive Organs. A dose or two of

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

will easily put this right, but if neglected—if the early symptoms are disregarded—what a burden of illness may be the consequence.

BILIOUSNESS, SICK-HEADACHE,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES

are all caused by some important organ or organs failing to do their duty properly. No one who values life can further neglect the warning symptoms.

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THE QUESTIONS.

- The Thre Cleverest Young Men.
Who have been called by an eminent critic the three cleverest young men in London?
What Did the Duke Buy?
The Duke of Portland last year paid £70,000 for a new possession. What did he buy with the money?
Who Is It?
Lord Kitchener said of a public man: "He is the master of us all." Of whom was he speaking?
Founders of Peorages.
There are now living many members of the House of Lords who are the last holders of their titles, and have thus founded their peerages. Who are they?
A Great Man's Fear of Death.
A famous man who passed away last year directed that his body should be placed in a coffin with a loose lid easily opened from below. What was his name?
People Who Will Not Pay.
Hundreds of thousands of people in England last year were summoned for debts which they could afford to pay, but would not pay until compelled. What was the exact number?
A Government Menu.
A menu for a day's meals is issued in an official document quoted in the Year Book. For what kind of consumers is the menu intended?
A Great Day at Glencairn.
In a national survey of 1904 the village of Glencairn, in Ross-shire, was notable for something occurring on June 16. What was its distinction?
The Ruler of a Million.
"Ex-Officer of British Navy, and an Englishman, rules over a million subjects; maintains his private navy of half a dozen gunboats." Who is he?
An Author's Confession.
A living man, whose books are famous, said: "I was apprenticed to a shoemaker; I became a porter; I sold apples in the streets; I attempted to commit suicide; I was a labourer in the workshops of a railway." What is his name?
A Great Railway Enterprise. Where Is It?
An English railway company is building enormous works on an area rescued from the sea? Where are they?
£ s. d.
What part did the total of £3,131,728 play in 1903?

Send replies, with your name and address clearly written, to D. M. Y. B., 40, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

THE CLOSING DATE WILL BE ANNOUNCED SHORTLY.

It is distinctly understood that the Editor's decision and awards are final.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOFORTE: a great bargain; in handsomely marked walnut case; very sweet tone; fitted with iron frame, check action, and every latest improvement; guaranteed offered under the hire system for 10s. 6d. per month; will send for one month's free trial without payment.—Godfrey, 244, Holloway-road.

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144 GUINEAS.—Piano, "Duchess" model by 123, DALMAINE and Co., established 120 years; solid iron frame to 50 guineas, from 2s. monthly; 20 deposit; 10 years' warranty; chance of a lifetime: 230, Old-st., City-rd., E.C. 15, Davidson, opp. 125, Old-st., City-rd., W. 55, Newington Butts, S.E. 235, High-rd., Leyton, E.; 402, High-st., North East Lane; 8, Chamberlayne Wood-rd., Kenilworth, N.W.; Wagner House, 127, East-hill, Wandsworth, S.W.

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Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

THE Longer you pay rent the more money you waste.—Apply today for show to live rent free, which will be sent post free to applicants mentioning this paper.—Address The Manager, 72, Bishopsgate-without, E.C.

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